O Crocodilian World whose Shining gloss
Is guilded Emptyness, and painted drosse:
Thy Fawns, or Frowns; I matter not, not I;
Compare it: I must Thy Sister Flesh must die.
And Soul destroying Devil whose malice tis,
To accuse th' Brethren that seek to bliss:
Thy Roaring rage is nought; Stand off or I
Will make thee th' Worlds Captain, captively.

Man's soul is like to tinder, whereinto
The devil strikes a spark at every blow:
Man's heart's the flint, the steel temptation is;
And his suggestions hit, and never miss:
His hand is ever sure, the tinder apt to catch:
Soon sets afire every proffer'd match.

POEMS SACRED AND SATYRICALL, viz.

rayers Paradice.
he World.
he Flesh.
he Jesuite.
he Devill.
Mans Misery.
Sinnes Infirmity.
Sinnes Impudence.
he Penitent Sinner.
he Soules-sea-fight.
he single & Married-life.
Teares Tryumph.
Mercies Miracle.
Faith.
Hope.
Charity.
Midnights Meditation.
Virtues Pyramid.
Chastity and Lust.
The Divine Dreame.
The Divine Eccho
Deaths Masquing-Night.

By NATHANAEL RICHARDS.

Printed at *London* by *T. Paine*, for *H. Blunden* at the *Castle* in *Cornehill*, 1641.

THE *AUTHOR.*

N o man ſo high but er'e he die may fall,
A ll *Fleſh* is fraile, all ſubject unto thrall,
T her's no content on *Earth*, none certaine bred,
H ealthfull to day we live; to *morow* dead.
A rt, nor *Promotion*, meuds not each *Man's* ſtate,
N or are the Greateſt, truly fortunate.
A dvanc'ments but a *Breath*, delight a *Toy*,
E ach *glitt'ring Pompe* each ſoule-ſeducing joy
L ike *Hell-bred poyſon*, workes the ſoules annoy.

R eject all lewd, all vaine affecting pleaſure,
I ntend thy future good, *Celeſtiall* treaſure.
C onteſt with ſinne, ſtill ſtrive, the conqueſt weare
H e that will conquer, patiently muſt beare.
A t ſuch rare *Combats*, aide from Heav'n is ſent
R eſpecting Man, ſinnes danger to prevent,
D eare is the Love of God, in him delight,
S eeke Heavenly joyes, thoſe comforts infinite.

TO THE RIGHT VVORTHY AND NOBLY DISPOSED THOMAS SOAME Esquire, Alderman, and one of the Burgesses of Parliament for the Honorable City of LONDON.

Sir,

THough a Sranger *to your* Person, *I am no Stranger in my thankefull* Heart *(to the All-glorious Majesty of Heaven) for such as you: You whose* knowne worth, *& inward* Candor, *nor frownes, nor Flatterie, could ever force from its true Goodnesse for the generall good. Monster Ingratitude cannot say I flatter; Witnesse this Cities approbation, unanimous consent, free choice of you that are, (the All-guiding hand of Heaven be praised) free*

from the aspersion, Spots and staines of this Worlds Vicious *and* Ambitious *Greatnesse. Let it not then seeme strange, that I (incouraged by your* Noble Vertues) *have here made bold, (out of an honest heart) Right worthy Sir, unto your selfe to* Dedicate *this* Booke. *It is a knowne* Maxime *to approved Iudgements, that* Illicita non prohibere consensus erroris est, *which being the full scope of this my endeavour, intended only for the exaltation of* Vertue, *detestation of* Vice, *and like the* Sea-mans Compasse *to direct soules from the dangerous* Passage *indirect. The* Scylla *and* Charybdes *Shelfes and Rocks of this uncleane and most uncertaine Ocean of the World. This being my intent, (as caveats against sinne not to be cavilled against, but by guilty Persons.) Accept then (vertuous Sir) this my good will, take it from him, who (leaving you and yours, all your faire Actions and occasions present to the* All-pure God *which never leaves his) remaines*

Ever devoted to your

Worthy Virtues

NATHANAEL RICHARDS.

POEMS SACRED AND SATYRICALL.

Prayers Paradiſe.

ALL-Potent Scatt'rer of Man's o'r rancke ſtate,
Thou that doſt raiſe the humble, the proud hate
Soule-ſaving God, joy to the beſt of men,
Great terrour to the damned, guide my Pen,
Head, hand, heart, all, apply my ſoule to win
Soules to thy glory; let the ſence of ſin,
(Companion ſtill to miſery) affright,
Times ſcoffing Idiots from the lewd delight
Of ſoule confounding ſinne, make us to pray
With ardency of ſoule, great God of day,

Fashion our wills to thine, let each proud eye,
Humbled with teares, admire thy Majestie.
The spirit of Prayer must amend us all,
(So writes the Churches *Atlas*, holy *Paul*,)
We shipwrack else; soules that will Heav'n inherit,
Must pray, and pray with confidence of Spirit;
Pray for our King, pray for the blest event,
Of this our *Englands* present Parliament:
Have we not cause; do's not this Nation know,
Warre and the Plague so threats our overthrow;
We soone were lost, did not sweet mercy yet
Protect our Peace? let us not then forget
To fast and pray, (Lord) make us all inclin'd
To praise thy Name, Eternally to mind
Thy mighty favours, unto this Realme more
Then all the World, for Peace and plenties store:
While neighbouring Nations perish by the sword,
Fierce Fire and Famine, wanting the sacred word
To solace soules; this Nation lives at peace,
And might continue, did our murmuring cease.

We heare the word preach't, have our recreations,
Walking abroad, our peacefull preſervations,
Our ſtreets have ſeene no Rider and his horſe
O're whelm'd in bloud, nor have we ſeene what's worſe
Big-belli'd women ript, the infants braines
Daſht in their Fathers faces; nor whole lanes
Of Armies in the field wheltering in bloud,
Nor thouſands famiſh't in our ſtreets for food.
Our bleſſed time of Peace did never ſpie
Cities a fire, poore people's diſmall crie:
Age torne by th' haire o'th' head, Virgins deſil'd,
Dainty Dames raviſh't, and the tender child
Stab'd in the Mothers Armes; God grant ſuch ſights
May never fill our Land, with like affrights:
Importune Heav'n, on God alone rely,
True prayer to God, is what? *Nuncius Cali*,
Mercies ſweet meſſenger, that ſweetly beares
To Heav'ns bright Majeſty mans trickling teares
Wrapt up in ſighes, hearts griefe, ſorrowes ſad face
Wrinkled with cares for ſinne, which conquers grace;

What humble ſoule mounts heav'ns celeſtiall Ayre
In up-flying fervent purity of Prayer,
But God ſends downe a pardon; Age and Youth,
Through ardent prayer, prove the ſons of truth. (dearth?
Fear'ſt thou ſtearne War, Fire, Sword, Times, deare yeares
Pray fervently, ceaſe not till Heav'n and Earth
Eccho the Spirit of thy Supplications,
Teares of contrition, holy meditations:
So ſhall no Devills ruling in the Ayre,
Nor difficult paſſage ſtop zealous Prayer.
"The want of prayer, proves the ſoules decay,
"Men ceaſe to proſper, when they ceaſe to pray.
We all are ſinners: ſinne raiſes ſuch a ſtorme
In our baſe blood, reaſon can ne're reforme.
Vrge reaſon to us, it will doe no good,
Fervent Prayer onely maſters fleſh and blood.
Tis *Clavis cæli*, which unlockes Gods treaſure,
Fervent prayer opens and ſhuts Heav'n at pleaſure,
The Elements, *Fire*, *Water*, *Earth*, and *Ayre*,
Are all at the command of fervent Prayer.

Elijah

Elijah prayed that fier might descend
From Heaven, and heav'n alone did him befriend.
Elijah pray'd, it rain'd not for the space
Of three yeares and sixe moneths on the earths face.
Fervent prayer never did true solace lacke;
Moses he prayed, and the Red-sea fled backe.
The prayers of the faithfull never fail'd;
Moses and *Aarons* fervent prayers prevail'd
Gainst *Korah*, *Dathan*, and *Abirams* sinne,
Earth open'd, swallow'd them, with all their kinne.
Earnest prayer truely is (Heav'ns truth to say)
From man to God, from God to man the way.
" Prayer maugre all Earths Villanous entrices,
" Makes man at peace with God, at war with vices.
O Text of Truth never to be denide,
Celestiall prayer quells Luciferiall Pride.
Cooles raging lust, tames the Malicious,
Envie, Wrath, Gluttony, cures the Covetous,
Heav'ns in that prayer when (circl'd round with vice)
Man conquers sinne, that's Prayers paradice.

Firme Prayer steeres soules to each soule-saving motion,
Sighes, Teares, repentance, and to all devotion.
As the true skill of a Pilote is unknowne
But in a Tempest; (or a Captaine prone
To noble deeds) his valour is unseene
But in a battell (where the field hath beene
His mount of Honour) so the rare worth
Of a true Christian, can be ne'r set forth,
Nor ever of th'All-viewing eye discern'd,
Till like the Hebrewes Gen'rall he has learn'd
Heav'ns pleasing science, the Celestiall Art
Of fervent Prayer; that's the true Christians part.
When the Hearts sooke with a delight to pray,
Soules clearely see, finde a compendious way
To know Heav'n savingly, to curbe offence,
And burne in ravishing joy, truth's Excellence.
Such sweet content, all mortalls Mundane wit,
(Humane delights) can never equall it.
The fixing of our hearts on heav'n by prayer, (care,
Heales sinnes deepe festering wounds, kills killing

Cures

Cures the diſtracted minde, proves ſoules defence,
Mercies ſubduer, ſacred conference.
O thou *Ens Entium*, ſempeternall light,
Give me the ſpirit to pray, to pray aright;
Leſt Tempeſt-toſt with cares, thinking to ſhunne
Sinnes gulfe, on ruines Rocke my ſoule's undone:
"Pray then, O pray; he that prayes willingly,
"Be rich or poore, can ne'r live wickedly.
Prayer is the wing by which the ſoule do's flie
To Heav'n; and meditation is the eye
Wherewith we ſee God: by prayer we talke,
And by our Charity with God we walke.
Soules that will mount, gaine a Celeſtiall Crowne,
Muſt pray with ardency, looke up, not downe,
Like times too many mumblers that doe fall
To pray, on the halfe knee, or none at all,
Nor deſperately like ſuch, as thinke no ſinne
To come to Church, till Sermon time beginne;
Entring (O moſt abhorr'd) ſo ſneakingly,
So rude in rev'rence, pray ſo peakingly,

As doth amaze religious fortitude,
To ſee lewd Mortalls baſe ingratitude
To their Redeemer; he that dreads heav'ns Rod,
Prayes ardently t'appeaſe the wrath of God.
Elſe like the ſickles edge, or Razor keene,
Heav'ns wrath works worldlings quick diſpatch unſeene,
Sharpe Vengeance undiſcernd full ſwift do's fall,
Leaves not a life uncut; but mowes downe all,
All grumbling Nations for their ſinnes exceſſe,
Pride to the poore, and rude unthankfulneſſe,
All Sects, all Schiſmes, that dare by booke maintaine,
And for their owne baſe ends, their godleſſe gaine,
"Make Scripture fight with Scripture: fatall ill,
"Sanctity ſave Kingdomes from ſuch curſed skill.
O the deepe folly that on man attends!
Our fleſh and bloud are to our ſelves falſe friends.
We aske, and pray, but both amiſſe, and why?
We neither aske nor pray with fervency,
Our mindes at randome runne, this way, and that,
Vpon a world of vanities; Idle chat,

Faſhions,

Faſhions, and fooleries: heav'n pardon ſinfull

We oft are out in Prayer, ſeldome in.

Sinne like a whirlewind circles feeble prayer,

Snatches it up, then whirles it into ayre,

Infectious ayre, whoſe fatall poyſon ſpreads,

Powres downe hot vengeance, miſery on our heads,

Croſſes, continuall cares, perpetuall paine,

Weake Prayer makes bitter ſtill the fruit of gaine,

Converts the key of kindnes into luſt,

Careleſſe prayer makes the life of love unjuſt,

Dulls noble wiſedome, ore-rules all reaſon,

To the forgetfull ſoules Eternall Treaſon.

"We pray to heav'n, yet mind not heav'nly things,

"O foule ingratitude to the King of Kings.

"Mans mingling prayer with Earths cold cogitation,

"Merits ſwift vengeance; cloath'd in blacke damnation.

Think on thy God then, in thy dayes of youth,

Search in the Morning of thy yeares for truth:

Early betimes, before the evill day

Of ſinne, and Satan, that does ev'ry way

Stop

Stops mans Celestiall journey, scatters fruites
In every place; we are not fast at Prayers;
No sooner man to heaven divine thoughts reare,
But straight the Devill whispers in his eare,
Thinke on the world, thy wealth, thy poore estate,
Meanes must be had; thinke on thy neighbours hate:
Thinke on revenge, thinke on thy charge, thy crosses,
Thy law-suites, ships at sea, thy lands, thy losses;
Away with Prayer, puzzell not thy braine,
Mind thou what's present, what's to come refraine.
Thus speakes the subtile Fiend, of purpose bent,
To put us out of practise to repent.
Like a false Sexton, he sets backe the Clocke
To delay times, makes that our stumbling blocke;
Makes Time our Bawd, with fair lie to betray,
And put us quite, out of the mind to pray.
With glorious outside, and deceitfull riches,
Satan fooles mortalls, wilefit men bewitches.
Note but the whore-like minde of mans condition,
(So generally in all) when they petition

Their

Their earthly King; (Lord) what a ſtirre we keepe,
The buſie braine's in labour, cannot ſleepe,
Nor take it's naturall reſt, the careſull minde
Is totally tooke up, wholly inclin'd
To give each word his weight; for to relieve
Our wants, to ſue for pardon, or repreive,
Profit or gaine; then head, hand, heart and all,
Knees that we'r bend at Heau'n's high will, can fall
Proſtrate in all obſequiouſnes for place,
Lofty preferment, and a Princes Grace,
Then tongue and heart both jumpe in one agree,
Minde nothing but his Earthly Majeſtie;
Beg, kneele, implore, we fervently importune
Pardon for ſome foule fact, ſome brittle fortune.
This we can doe, we can with hot purſuite
To compaſſe our vaine ends, ne'r ceaſe ſinnes ſuite;
The trot, the amble, and the full cariere,
No ſpeede is wanting, nor no paines too deare
To purchaſe ſinnes Exchequer, riches ſtore,
Ambitious aymes, Times glory, Beauties whore.

This

This too too many can, and in that way,
Eager like hungry hounds, soone sent smmes prey;
But to the King of those Eternall fires
That spangle Heav'n, lukewarme in their desires,
" Impudent in all Vice, in basenesse bold,
" Christians halfe coddl'd, neither hot nor cold,
" O Hell of hells; Man to'th' Celestiall Race
" Do's seldome runne, but with a Iade-like pace,
Never considering how the mind that's wrapt
In wilfull wickednesse, is ever apt
To pine at Princes, snarle at pious lawes,
Scold people on to fight Religions cause.
When truth and all true Christians know Religion
Consists in true obedience, not Rebellion;
" Men that give way to ill, t'increase their good,
" Bring famine on a land, fierce fire and blood.
" All villages in a Kingdome, Sinne do's delude,
" Leaves it a prey to'th' law-lesse Multitude.
In true obedience then, with humble knee,
Eye, head, hand, heart, pray to Eternity.

Throw

Throw from thy minde all worldly cares, temptations,
All wandring, idle, vaine imaginations.
Abandon flaring pride, cloſe fiſted bribes,
And like the Father of twelve potent Tribes,
Tugge with Almighty God, ſtill ſtrive to winne
Pardon for each foule fact, times uggly ſinne.
" Like Arts rare engin's Excellent's defence,
" Gainſt fires in Cities which (to cleare offence)
Raiſes from Earth ſo ſweet a watery ſhowre,
As ſlacks the furious flame, extincts her powre:
So let the Art of fervent prayer raiſe
Our watery teares to Heav'n, to Heav'n that paies
In the deſcent, mans penitent deſires,
With plenitude of grace, to quench ſinnes fires.
God made the eare to heare the happineſſe
We have from him, the tongue ſtill to expreſſe
The glory of his name; the eye to ſee
The workes of his divine Integrity.
Eye, head, hand, heart, God the whole man did frame,
All to rejoyce in his All-Sacred name.

Happy

Happie the ſoule that prayes with ſincere ſorrow,
Repent to day, deferre not till to morrow.
And when you pray, thinke unto whom you pray;
T'is to the Worlds great builder, Lord of day,
Mercies bright Majeſtie, th'Almighty ſtrong,
Iuſt grand decider of each poore mans wrong,
That tumbles downe the mighty, only can
Make the moſt Potent Prince, the pooreſt man;
The peace of Kingdomes in a breath disjoynt,
Spit all Earth's Children on wars Rapiers point;
Turne fruitfull fields to yron, burne the graſſe,
And for our ſinnes, convert the Heav'ns to braſſe;
Swell ſurging ſeas, the dreadfull deepes with waves,
Stormes, famine, fire and ſword, to dig our graves.
How dare proud mortalls then ne'r take to minde
Heav's ſacred eye-ſight ſhall darke deedes ſo blinde
Mans Machivilian miſchiefe, as to thinke
Rais'd on Ambitions top, he cannot ſinke?
He muſt, he muſt; bad ſtates-men ne'r ſo big
Fall of themſelves in time, breake like a twig.

As

As one naile drives another out of place,
So time clears truth, drives lies to disgrace.
Flatt'rers are fearefull Fiends, bright honours sting,
Serpents, the worst of Traitors to a King;
Court-Eare-wiggs, nimbly wrigling in the Eares
Of greatnesse, mighty profits, madnesse, feares,
So painted o're, shaddow'd for sound advice,
"A good King cannot know vertue from vice,
Till Heav'n (that brings the darkest deedes to light)
Produce in time the truth, twixt wrong and right.
Man whosoe're thou art, take this advice,
'Tis Angels counsell, Prayers Paradise.
"Walke after Gods way in the day of light,
"Or end thy journey in the darkest night.
Ther's but one universall remedy
For all our ills, each soules extremity,
And that is fervent prayer, all must resort
To Prayer, or perish; there is no safe port
(In this worlds *Mare Mortuum*) for man
To put into, but prayer; prayer only can

Powr'd out in fervency of ſoule prevent
Plagues, famine, bloud, and death, warr's dire event,
Bred by ſeditious ſubjects, whoſe deſires
Are ſtill the fuell unto popular fires.
Prayer ſhall confound, dead all the divelliſh deedes
Of forraigne foes, all home-corrupted ſeedes:
Diſſembling Hypocrites, by hells aide appointed
To ſtifle truth, and grieve the Lords annointed.
Prayer like to haſtie powder fir'd ſhall choake,
Flame viperous Rebels to a ſudden ſmoake.
Pray then, through fervent prayer imitate
Moſes and *Iacob*, wreſtle with bleſſed fate,
Subdue thy ſinnes, 'gainſt ſinfull fleſh and bloud,
"Importune heaven, and heaven will doe thee good.
"Gods promiſe is, if fervently we pray,
"And uſe our beſt indeavours ev'ry day
"To fly from ſinne, reſolving to betake us
"To holy meanes, he never will forſake us.
"Never did any doe their faire endeavour
"To pray to God, that ever loſt his labour.

"Nay

Nay more, if God but ſee thy inclination
To pray, he will prevent thy ſupplication,
Anſwer thy full deſire, e're thou canſt crave,
Grant that, thy heart did never hope to have:
Witneſſe good heaven 'tis true; ther's no deniall,
For I have found th'experimentall triall,
And were for ever like a ſoule in hell
Worthy to burne; ſhould I forget to tell,
In midſt of dangers, how I call'd on thee,
Mercifull God; and thou did'ſt ſet me free.
At home, abroad, at Sea, upon the land,
Here, there, and ev'ry where, thou Lord did'ſt ſtand
My ſure protector 'gainſt griefes infinite,
Times flatt'ring ruine, and the worlds deſpite,
Sickneſſe, ſad diſcontent, when I and care,
Shooke hands with ſorrowes Minion deepe deſpaire.
That very hower, in heavineſſe lockt up
Beyond all hope of health; then mercies Cup
I freely taſted; bleſſed be thy name,
To me my Gracious God, prove ſtill the ſame.

Circle me round thou All-Eternall health,
Gainſt all enticements, *Honour, Beauty, Wealth,*
Thoſe fatall flies of ſinne; which though beſt men
Do ne're ſo much flap off, flie on agen:
Arme, a me good heaven, *Times Microcoſme* in me,
Through Faith, Hope, Love, enable me to be
Truths Champion; Troopes of Furies to withſtand,
And ſtave *Hells Tempter off,* dead ſinnes command.
" Times expert faithfull ſouldier is a Iewell,
" Fit for a King, to fight a Kingdomes Duell.
" Valour and honeſty are Princely twinnes,
" Ther's nothing makes a Coward, but his ſinnes.
Lord, let a watchfull *Centinell* within
My weake morrality, ſo keepe out ſinne,
That when ſo e're we meet, *Morne, Noone,* or *Night,*
I with my good ſword Faith, may in thy ſight,
Heavens Saint-like Souldier prove, ſubdue and winne
At truths cloſe conſtant fight, conqueſt o're ſinne.
Heare me my God, mount thoughts with admiration,
Vpon the higheſt ſtep of contemplation,

Irradi-

Irradiate (Lord) my mind, paſt ſinnes controle
Conari Sancta; Angelize my ſoule.
Give what thou doſt command great God, and then,
Command even what thou wilt; Amen, Amen.

Earneſt prayer, and the committing of ſinne,
Will never lodge together in one Inne.
For ſure if prayer cannot make thee ceaſe
From ſinne; ſinnes ſure to rob thy ſoule of peace,
And make thee leave off praying; God's all Eye,
Let our petitions then with fervency
Flie unto him, whoſe Majeſty is ſuch,
It comprehends all power; do but touch,
Trie, and then truſt, petition but his name
In ardency of ſoule, you'le find a flame
All-heav'nly holy, thrill through thy vitall blood
To quell corruption, turne all ill to good.
O that the Soules of Mortall's to the life
Would Act this part, ſubdue ſinnes ſtormy ſtrife
Through fervent prayer; and in that ſwift courſe runne,
Firme as the golden taper of the ſunne

Which hourely ſailes the Circuit of the Skie,
That, were excelling heav'nly harmonie.
'Twould make this Globe on Earth whereon we tread,
Times glorious Theater; the rich ſtage ſpread
And hung all-round with ſilver ſhining ſtarres
Prickt full of holy thoughts; in them no jarres
Of times diſcording muſicke dare appeare,
The *Muſick-roome* of concord being there;
There Truths faire Actor, where ſo e're he turnes
His penitent Eye, with holy raptures burnes,
Sees the All-ſole Spectator, *Three in one*
Seated in glories Gallery; where none
But his *Omniſcient* bleſt beatitude,
Sits the ſole Iudge of ſoules Ingratitude,
Actors, and *Action*; mans good part, and his ill,
Th'unworthy *Actors*, dull, imperfect skill
Bred by diſtemper, groſſe neglect in ſtuddy,
Careleſſe Rehearſalls, and a skull ſo muddy,
As never minds th'infinite paines and Art,
Penn'd, to advance and fit him with a part

That

That might immortalize; inflame deſire;
Raviſh his ſinne-ſicke ſence; his ſoule inſpire
With ſacred extaſie; high apprehenſion,
Seraphicall love, divine affection.
Heav'ns gracious Actor makes this pretious uſe
Of his faire Part; ne'r turnes it to abuſe;
Nor wrongs the writer; but amaz'd with wonder,
As one ſhot through and through with holy thunder
At pious lines; whoſe powerfull Energie,
(In Noble ſpirits fruſtrates miſerie,)
Tames Pride, cooles luſt, makes the wiſe Actor ſee
His ſoule in danger; circl'd with ſinnes, that He,
In all meeke Humbleneſſe of ſoule prepares him,
Not raſhly hot (like ſome that goe to ſwimme,)
But takes a time to coole by meditation,
Ponders with ſweet celeſtiall affectation
On his ſoule-pleaſing Part, dares not venter
To tread Times *Stage*; nor unadvis'd to enter

Till perfect in that part, whose excellence
Gaines grace, sinnes pardon, *Mercies Audience.*
Then like a bold and able Musketeire
Arm'd with a world of valour, trampling feare
Vnder his valiant foot, set's bravely on
The front of danger, where destruction
In fiery flames, threatens to scourge his errour,
With never-failing death; yet scorning terrour
He in his good cause, still opposing all,
Horrours and terrours what e're can befall,
Mounted on valours wings never retires,
Still he winnes ground; his ready nimble fires
Play thicke upon the foe, adde flame on flame,
Vndanted stands, to'th honour of his name.
And ne're forsakes the furie of the fight,
Till conquest Crownes him in his Countries right.
So fares it with *Truth*'s Actor, when his *Part*
Enters him on the *Stage a Pious heart.*
Then with clutch'd heav'd up hands above his head,
Eyes drown'd in Teares, and Armes divinely spread

To

To meete with mercy, fervently beginnes
So to bewaile the whirle-poole of his sinnes,
That to gaine pardon, rid away all feares,
Sighes swimme in Sobs, deepe groanes in flouds of teares
Importunes heav'n, good *Actions* ne'r gives ore,
Till he hath quit the world, and clear'd sinnes score,
That like to *Ariadne* crown'd with *starrs*,
The soule in glory shines, all ill debarrs.
Admit at first, thou canst not frame thy selfe
For Cares, and Crosses, *Lust* and worldly pelfe
To pray to God aright; yet still endeavour,
Combate with sinne; for *victory* persevere:
What though to pray thou find'st thy selfe unapt,
Dull, heavie, sad, easie to be intrapt?
Start from the Devill that ensnares thee so,
With sloth's lewd *lullaby* for endlesse woe.
Let me beseech thee to be heavenly wise,
Rub drowsie dulnesse from thy tender eyes,
Retire unto thy chamber, shut the doore,

There wringing of thy hands fall downe, implore
Heav'ns ſacred aide, on thy dejected knees,
Pray to that glorious *Majeſtie* which ſees
The depth of darkeſt ſecrets; beate thy breaſt,
Till teares for ſinne ariſe ne'r giue it reſt.
Strike, ſtrike the ſtonie ent'rance of thy heart,
Act to the life, the *Publicans* true part,
Knocke, and knocke hard; make *Vertues* hammer felt
On thy hearts flinty Anvile; till it melt
To ſoft compaſſion; when that ſpring appeares,
Eyes turne to pearly drops, to flouds of teares,
Such ſtreaming pearles of pittie, being ſhed
For ſinne in thee; as ſhall when thou art dead,
Mount thy triumphing ſoule on Angells wings
To liue for ever; Crown'd by the King of Kings:
Great is the power of fervent Prayer, that can
Conquer the All-Creator, raviſh man;
Fervent prayer, makes the crooked conſcience even;
Prayers, are thoſe *ſcaling laders* ſet to heav'n

That

That lay long *ſiege* unto the throne of God,
Surround divinity, keepe in his Rod.
And never will depart, nor raiſe the ſiege,
Till they compell Natures *Celeſtiall Liege*
To grant what they doe come for; faine would have,
To ſhield *ſad ſoules* from the infernall Grave.

THE

THE WORLD.

VAine is this World, this Strumpet World that can
Yeild nothing constant; Love 'twixt man & man,
Which next his Maker should be most respected,
Is soonest broke, and most of all neglected,
Misse-led by every vaine phantastick toy,
To forget God; bewitcht with carnall joy,
Bundles of Bambles, imbecillitie,
Biles of Apparell, Botch Nobilitie,
Lordships, Ladyships, Fool'ries, and Fashions,
Lust-panting Humours, ten thousand passions.
Rich men, the more to blame, as this Age goes,
Debarre House-keeping to maintaine gay Cloathes.
A rich Caroach, three hundred pound a Gowne,
Thirty pound a Smocke, or their wives will frowne,

There

There is no living with them ; they must ride,
Where, when, and how they list in glitt'ring pride,
High flashing burning Braverie, blind eyes,
Flint Hearts, dull Eares, deafe to the poore mans cries.
Such is the dullnesse of mortalitie,
And such the worlds cold Hospitalitie.
" Brave Cloathes, full feeding, pride, ease, and laughter,
" Are peoples sinnes, that breed a peoples slaughter.
" Times maw-wormes, muck-wormes, cancker-wormes
" Ruines our Peace without, our Peace within. (of sinne
" Each dustie Magistrate with Brib'rie fed,
" One robs the Living, another robs the dead,
" A third the Arch-theefe playes by cunning stealth,
" Knave Knights, by Patent rob the *Common-wealth*,
" Ioyne with much, too much ill Injustice, he
" Sodomiticall letcher for a greedy Fee
" Dares license lust, glad if he may prevaile
" (Suck wealth from prostitute Harlots,) never faile.
Mans mind, which most his maker should respect,
(With feare and trembling, and that true respect

Belongs

Belongs to his high *Majeſtie*) the net
Of ſinne ſo ſnares, we worth-leſſe wormes forget
Gods thunder-darting Vengeance, glorious ſtate,
Still forget God, forget to contemplate
With raviſhing Love, true Love, pure heart, pure eyes,
That's the defect, makes hourely miſchiefs riſe,
" Ambitious Lords attir'd in Anticke ſhape,
" Joy in the waies of *Luſt*, *Murther*, and *rape*.
" Ladies, with charmes, trickes, humours, that they have,
" Abuſe their Lords, diſpatch 'em to the grave.
" The jealous Husband, miſchievous in ill,
" Through vaine ſuſpect, his conſtant wife to kill.
" The careleſſe-Clergy-man in his degree
" Satan corrupts; makes for a golden fee
" The greedy Lawyer, (fed by Clients ſtrife)
" Brib'd Angells take, for the the true Angell life.
Juſt Judge, the unjuſt duſtie Magiſtrate,
Father the ſonne, the ſonne the Father hate;
Brother, the brother proſecute to death,
Quarrell for toyes; ſtop one anothers breath.

The

The World do's hour'ly tempt fooles worldly wise,
The deceitfull Trades-man that seemes precise,
And is an arrant Knave; to thinke the honie,
And only blessed life, still to get monie,
Mockes at the poore mans vertue, and in pride,
Stiles him a vertuous Foole; thus Knaves deride
The poverty of men, which do's as farre
(In Heav'nly wealth) transcend them, as a starre
The richest Gemme on Earth; But 'tis not so
With the World's wealthy worldlings; they say no,
Rich enough, honest enough; all they can
Aymes at the outward, not the inward man.
" Poverty made a scoffe, a scorne, a winde,
" Gold smothers Vertue, blackest actions blinde.
" Gold got in Gods name, with an honest face,
" Comes slow; but in the Devills name apace.
Such is the Worlds condition, *Good Mens* thrall,
On Earth ther's no true comfort, none at all.
The honest minded Scholler shall ne'r lack
" Sorrowes, nor want of meanes to breake his back.

" The pittifall Souldier in his greateſt needs
" Ha's his throat cut; he ſhall be ſure to bleede.
" The faire Gameſter, for his milde ſquare play,
" Is ſooneſt cozen'd, ſure to loſe ev'ry day.
" The faithfull Lover oft is paid with hate,
" The more in Love, the more unfortunate.
Be rich or poore, in high or low eſtate,
I'th' mod'rate meane, or fully fortunate,
Vnſatiate mankind, ever diſcontent,
Deſires to live, yet never lives content,
In ſcarcity of corne, for plenty cry,
In plenty, ſtraight forget God inſtantly.
Such is mans erring ſoule, which ought to know,
" Life's but a long ſad Pilgrimage of woe,
" An Arke of travell, ſhop of vanity,
" Store-houſe of trifles, inhumanity.
" A field of ſtones, a path of thornie prickes,
" Meadow of Scorpions, Grove of Baſilickes.
The World's unquiet reſt is all Mans foe,
Dangers attend us where ſo'e're we goe.

Miſchie-

Miſchievous Deceits, Brawles, Quarrells, Fightings,
Falſe-hearted Neighbour-hood, baſe back-bitings.
Friendſhips, ſo faithleſſe ripe, full blowne with evill,
A friend to day, the next, for gaine proves Devill.
The World's condition right; 'tis ſlave to ſinne,
Beware of it; the world's a cunning ginne,
'Twill entrap ſoules; call then to God for grace,
Let griefe for worldly croſſes ne'r take place,
Never let ſorrow runne into extreames
Vnleſſe for ſinne; ſo ſhall Celeſtiall Beames
Glorifie thy ſoule; make it immortall,
Free it from ills what ever can befall
In this falſe promiſing world; this Maze of woe,
Where wretched worldlings know not where to goe
To winde them out; ſuch are the various waies
Of life-oppreſſing yeares, Moneths, Weekes and dayes.
As Proſe ill read, abide too much miſuſing
Or vertuous verſe, when Rogues have the peruſing,
So fares it with the faire and flouriſhing line
Of that ſweet Heavenly ſtraine, Poeſie Divine,

Baſely

Baſely neglected, by the monſtre Crew,
" Of Puff-Paſt-Muddie-Mindes, that piſh, and mew,
" Make a wry Cloſe-ſtoole-face, a ſquint ey'd glance
" At Vertuous verſe, (whoſe ſad miſchance
" Is to goe unregarded) when the crime,
" Of a Laſcivious baſtard Ballad-rime,
" (If baudy enough) though ner'e ſo unfit,
" Winns favour, profit, and the praiſe of wit.
" Reade with delight, and much, too much requir'd,
" Coppies ſought after, greedily deſir'd,
" When perfect *Poetrie*, (*Muſicke* to the ſoule,
" Truths firme oppoſer, 'gainſt crymes filthy foule)
" If read, moſt read for faſhion, ſmall delight,
" No, comfort, no reſpect, but ſcornefull ſlight.
" And ſuch is Vertues Foe; the Worlds proud Minion,
" In whom ther's no true love, no perfect Vnion.

O Divine Poeſie I lament thy ſtate,
To ſee thy beauty diſproportionate,
So poorely in eſteeme, ther's few I ſee,
Or none at all, take true delight in thee.

This wanton World farre sooner will approve,
Ioy in Pot-Poets lousie Rymeing love,
Or wanton *Ovids* straine, to itch the eare,
And stirre the bloud to Lust; rather then heare
The Sempeternall Aime of Noble verse
Which points at Heav'n; and tells us of that fierce
All-threatning Thunderer; he that descries
Our secret deeds; our blackest Actions spies,
At which; amaz'd my Muse stands wrapt in wonder,
Beggs mercy, mercy, O thou God of Thunder,
Or we shall shipwrack all; All; too too blame,
Farre too unmindfull of Gods sacred name,
His blessings day by day; his great mercy,
Long suffering, and excelling safety.
Why should we wormes stand precious in Heavens sight
And nor be damn'd to everlasting-Night
For our foule-erring sinnes; sinnes that excite
Ingratitude to Heav'n, picks open Hell.
Hell; that this instant Gapes to seize this world,
Which deserves euery moment to be hurld

To endleſſe Flames; but for the Excellence
Of OVR FATHER'S wonderfull patience.
O for the Pen of pure perfection,
To Character mans imperfection,
Open the blind exceſſive ſinners Eyes,
(Force teares for ſinne) make him, himſelfe deſpiſe,
Teare ope his eyes, that All-amaz'd with Horrour,
Trembling, he may behold his dreadfull Errour
Live; as in ſulphurous Flames, ſee his evill,
See the Grand Devill, and ceaſe to be a Devill.
Holla commanding Empreſſe of my Braine,
Whither thus flings my Muſe, divert thy ſtraine.
The Worlds a Racke, Times Tenter-hooke to catch
At mindes moſt honeſt, makes a man a wretch,
Thouſands in want, finding no way to cure it,
Hazard the Gallowes, rather then endure it.
Mis'ry of Miſeri's, when Coyne growes ſcant,
Mans fortunes Foot-ball, ther's no woe to want,
It dulls brave witts, when nothing elſe can doe it;
Tames, & makes deſp'rate, when Tyme brings men to it.

Want makes a man turne ſlave, unto a ſlave,
Scof't, ſcorn'd, and flouted at by ev'ry knave,
By ev'ry ſilken ſodden-headed Foole,
That never felt Heav'ns rod, nor Mis'ries ſchoole.
Want breatheth miſcheifs never thought upon,
Makes too many dainty Dames turne wanton.
Want (like a Mad-man) makes men ſweare and dice;
Forget their God, turne Vertue into Vice.
Husband and wife, the ſiſter, and the Brother,
Compell'd through want, devoure one another.
Merchants, Lawyers, yea, ſome Divines will fall,
When want doth ſoundly gripe, 'twill trie 'em all.
And therefore (as an Antidote) be ſure,
Strive to pleaſe God firſt; that's the onely cure
'Gainſt Wolviſh want; then let thy preſent ſtate,
Thinke on ſome honeſt meanes; 'twill new create
Thy underſtanding; put thee on a way
With rev'rent Soule, on bended knees each day
To ſerve thy God aright; ſo he from falling
Proves thy Protector; gives thee a Vertuous calling.

Heav'n

Heav'n grant, the honeſt mind may never knowe
The fierce aſſaults of wants; that hell of woe,
Torture of minde, murd'rer of modeſtie,
High-way to Theft, Cut-throate of chaſtitie,
The key of whoredome, Bane of that true love,
Which many boaſt, but few did ever proove!
Many vow Love, for ever to be true,
Yet, when want comes, whores are not more untrue.
How ſweetly did that *Sacred Pſalmiſt* ſing,
And runne *Times* true Diviſion on the ſtring
Of Miſery, when he of God did crave
Nor want, nor too much wealth, leaſt in the Grave
Of damn'd *Deſpaire*, much want might hale him in,
And riches mount him to the higheſt ſinne;
Lackey his way to lewdneſſe, to miſtruſt
Gods mercies, and to practiſe waies unjuſt.
A holy feare, ſeiz'd on that Sacred King
To dread wants dangrous Dart, proud riches ſting.
May the good Man, ſtill thirſt for mercies Cup,
Clymbe *Jacobs* ſacred *Ladder*, and mount up

Into a fiery Chariot, burning zeale,
Live a bright Angell, in Heav'ns common-weale,
Free from this world, whose pompe and bravery,
Is but a Land of Dirtmeers slavery.

Mundus domus amplæ malorum,
Ac scelerum Patria est.

THE

THE FLESH.

THe Fleſh unto the Soul's a bitter Pill,
Sweet gilded poyſon, Candide o're to kill,
Hurrid, Carouſht in Pride, with glitt'ring ſhowe
Of ſwelling pompe, whoſe ſweet effect, is woe.
Fleſhly delights begets much miſery,
Makes couples married unadviſedly,
Thinking Love tittle tattles, can feede their wiſhes,
Love ſoone growes cold, where there is empty diſhes.
Of all the ſinnes that are, when nothing can
Ruine the ſoule; the Fleſh prevailes with man.
Mans eyes no ſooner on devotion waite,
But in ſteps Carnall concupiſcence ſtraight,
Shee's at his Elbow ſtill, to itch him on,
Th'unhappie path to his confuſion.

Chaſt Wives are Saints, women that wanton ize,
Witches, all poyſon, hell is in their eyes,
In which, as in a wilderneſſe of woe,
In ſtriving to get out, on, mad men goe,
Starke mad, paſt ſenſe, ſpight of all bookes & Schooles
Ruine their Fortunes; prove the ſlaves to Fooles
For an alluring minutes trifling joy
Inſatiate Licoriſh longing, a meere toy.
The fleſh (falſe Traytor like) ſtrives to betray
The ſoule to Hell, as Heav'ns juſt caſt-away.
Fleſhly delight in Man, fears want of breath
More then his God; ſinne, or Eternall death.
When juſt Plagues come, then ſin-ſicke ſots can tremble,
Make knowne to all the world, how they diſſemble;
Pray with the Lip, (not heart) wreſt ſacred Text
To ſerve their owne ends firſt; and then Gods next,
Provide to live, in peſtilent Times beginne,
Take greater care to fly from death, then ſinne.
Ther's nothing in our Fleſh but wickedneſſe,
[illegible]e to live, and obſcene wantonneſſe.

O vaine deſire of mortalls, can there be
In flight or Phyſick cruſt 'gainſt heav'ns decree?
No, no, ther's no eſcape; no way to thrive:
Mans good life onely, meets with mercies kiſſe.
We forget now that dreadfull diſmall chance,
The terrible Arrow of Gods vengeance, (low,
When death buried farre more, then the earth could ſwal-
And no man to the Grave his friend durſt follow.
O why ſhould Mortalls wiſh long life to live?
What comfort? what true joy do's this live give?
Ther's nothing, not one thought that do's us good,
But it is ſtrangl'd ſtraight, by fleſh and blood.
Holy Saint *Paul*, finding the fleſhrebell,
Deſir'd to be diſſolv'd, proud fleſh to quell:
And Sacred *Symeon* ſung 'gainſt ſinnes increaſe;
Lord let thy ſervant now depart in peace.
Shall ſuch ſoule-ſweenting preparations be
Forgotten quite; O blind ſecuritie.
What is it, we behold in this vaine life?
But daily dangers, ſoule-bewitching ſtrife,

The

The Flesh is full of daggers (never quiet)
'Mong fullfed dishes, and Luxurious diets
When my Soule-Erring Eyes, staring behold
A dang'rous strumpet, flame in glittering gold
(And murd'ring beauty) sparkling from her Eye
Burning temptation;) then, me thinkes I spie
My most apparent mischeife, plainely see,
How I, ne're strive to please my God, as shee
Strives to please men; such is the flaming pride
Of the vaine flesh, it hurts on ev'ry side.
Ther's nothing constant in us, if to day
Vertue we love, to morrow Vice obey.
What a notorious Coxcombe unto sinnes
Lust makes of Man, slave to a whores soft skinne.
What's a delicious Harlot? but a cheater,
A poyson'd *Marmalad Box*, that rots the eater,
A Harlot, Man most fitly may compare
To Quicksilver; whose Mettall (like a snare)
When er'e it meets with gold, does evermore
Mingle it selfe; so commonly a whore.

'Tis

'Tis not the Man, but money she respects,
And mingling with the one, she both infects,
Drinks deepe in Taverne, Swaggers, Sweares, and raves,
Gets gold from fooles, to spend it upon knaves.
The cheife praise of a good wife doo's not lie
In outward shew; but inward pietie;
If Vertue rules her blood, she merits love,
If not, I will assure thee shee will prove
Like a deceitfull glasse, where man may see,
Hee's meerly cheated in her; O miserie,
Man makes lewd women proud with looking at,
And wondrous wanton too, beleeve that.
The onely cure, Lust's raging flames to quench
Is *Aqua Lachrymarum*; that will stench
The wounds proud women so delight to make
On the poore soule of Man; make him to quake,
Afear'd to stand on that false rocke of Ice
Idlenesse feeder of foule carnall Vice, (minde
Nurse of blacke thoughts, south-Fogg, which rots the
Leapours the soule, and is the Northerne winde

The

The cause of all sinnes, stormes; that dang'rous flood
Lusts surging Ocean swelling in Mans blood.
O Devill desire of Lust, me, me forsake,
I charge thee hence, by him that made hell quake,
By that Almighty One, in sacred Trine,
All holy spells, and Charmes, Magick Divine;
By that sweet Excellent Sacred Puritie
(Sister of Angells) Virgin Chastity,
Fly from me all base thoughts, be just mine eyes,
And be your selves, hate wantons Witcheries.

Impendet periculum omnibus.

THE

THE IESVITE.

NOt like that Maſſe-Prieſt, he whoſe mouth is cram'd
With words that ſpeake all Proteſtants are damn'd,
Him nor his flocke, I dare not cenſure ſo,
Nor meane to write more then I juſtly know
To be moſt true; in which knowne Path I finde,
Counterfeit Catholiques, ſo groſſely blinde,
They dare outface Heav'ns *Truth*, forg'd lies maintaine
To Cloake the cunning *Ieſuites* ſubtile Braine,
He that do's Theefe-like waite for *vertues* fall,
Lives in perpetuall watch, to blow up all.
The Preſident, recorded ſtands for ever,
In this Realmes ſafety; which hell's Plot can never
Wipe from Rememb'rance; never ſhall the Evill
Of that cloſe *Secretary*, to the *Devill*,

That

That *Iesuite Garnet*, live forgot while I,
Have Pen, or Hand, to write his Tragedy,
(That *Myne of Murther*, Mischiefes Master-vice,
Lodg'd in the Politicque skull of Avarice)
His desp'rate Soule was such, he durst to swimme,
A *Sea* of *Vice*, he rackt in ev'ry limme.
All tortures suffer, rather then reveale
The Treason, his Religion bids conceale.
Witnesse thou *Ghost* of *Garnet*, this is true,
He that han'gd, drawne, and quarter'd, had his due.
To him was knowne, the powder pitchie Treason,
Never to be forgot, he knew the season
When, where, and how, that suddaine bloudie blow,
(*Black*, *Hell-bread*, *Thunder*, *flaming*, *overthrow*,)
Should have beene given, knew the Times short space,
When no soule should have time to pray for Grace,
Or cry, God helpe; The Treason was so foule,
The *Traitors* would have damn'd both body and Soule
If in their power: and ev'ry soule i'th Ayre
Tost up, sent unprepar'd of heav'nly prayer,

With

With all their sinnes ! Ohhorrid, hortid Act,
All this the *Jesuits* knew; conceal'd the fact,
And rather then disclose, least warning give,
King, *Prince*, and *Nobles*, not a soule should live,
Here was a Villaine; yet I've knowne in *Spayne*,
The *Traitors* death so moan'd, such Credit gaine,
(Though here he dyde, for Treasons just complaint,)
There Monster *Jesuites*, make a Martyr'd Saint.
Mischievous Masse-Priests to his meriting fame,
At the high Altar in a spacious frame,
Advance to him, as to a Saint most blest,
His Body-mangled Picture, thus expreſt; {*Garnets Picture.*}
Bare Head, white Beard, Lookes sober, in his Gowne,
"Him over head, Angels with *Lawrell* Crowne.
"About his Neck, a long large Halter tide,
"Hangs, (as befitting such) downe the Left side.
"His Belly ript, bloud seeming open straw,
"Holding in his righ hand, his pictur'd draw.
"Beneath his right side, flames a Heart in fire,
"Bove his left, Limmes quarter'd, Treasons hire,

"Presen-

" Presented on a Tower; which Pictur'd storie,
Straw-fainted set up to'th *Arch-Traitors Glory*,
Invites each eye, yea all the world to see
Iesuites, *Protectors* of all Villany.
" Poys'ning of Princes, held as trifling things,
" With them, 'tis meritorious to kill Kings.
Can this Religion be, they thinke it pure,
But man ne'r knew Religion more impure,
Their Church, is but their *Cloake*, bad deeds to further
The only sanctuary for bloud and murther.
Plots, Practizes, hellish abomination,
Pardons for Treason, holy approbation
Of that ill-Sainted wretch (his cursed fault)
That Father to *Faux*, the Divill i'th vault.
Such *Iudas-Iesuites* ever Traitors prove
To King, and Prince; disloyall in their love,
" Yet outward fawning seeme on bended knee
" Low as the earth; O true hypocrisie,
" Vnder the mild aspect of Reverence,
" In duty, and submisse obedience,

" With

"With Oylie Eloquence, best pleasing Phrase,
"Catching Orations, full of flatt'ring praise,
"When in the heart abides no spot of good,
"All treach'rous thoughts; all thirsting after bloud,
"The fall of Princes, changes, alteration,
"The Protestants Religion's desolation,
"Such is the Jesuites dive'lish disposition,
"The nature of the Beast, his true condition,
"He that can temporize, by booke maintaine
"To serve his ends; and glut his God-lesse gaine.
"Be what he least seemes, cold in devotion,
Envious, at one anothers Promotion,
"Not lowly minded, but proud Ambitious,
"In tongue a Saint, in heart a slave vicious.
"Preach divine patience, when himselfe shall be,
"The waspish Image of all Tyrannie.
"Spleenative, choll'ricke, and who so offends,
"Is so farre off from ever being friends,
All-bee't he seeme a Calme, yet if he live,
Hee'll be reveng'd, be sure ne'r to forgive,

Such is the Iesuite, such his double Face,
And such his charitable signe of Grace.
He that dares awe his Countrey, King and State,
Smile, and yet be a villaine, all men hate,
Set Princes at debate, befoole the times,
Poyson the world, with irreligious Crymes,
Swell Battles, Murthers, make whole Kingdomes shake,
Shed Innocent bloud, all for Religions sake,
To defend Religion, what Religion's this,
To seeme devoute, and doe so much amisse?
" Colour Religion, with meere gullerie,
" Wrest sacred Text, to maintaine Roguerie,
" (As if Religion were a formall Law,
" Religion onely to keepe fooles in awe,)
Defend Controversies; woe to those dayes,
Woe to such Serpent-snarling Church-Mens wayes,
" Sinne ne'r triumphes, strikes a more fatall stroake,
" Then when 'tis cove'rd with Religions Cloake.
That Iesuite, he, who speakes divinely faire,
Yet hath a wicked life; I may compare

To fire, ſtand off, doe not come too neare it,
You then may ſafely warme; needе not feare it.
But if thou unadviſedly preſume,
Approach too nigh, thee it will burne, conſume;
So the deceitfull Prieſt, come not neare him,
Shun his acquaintance, you needе not feare him.
Flie his diſſembling ſight, his blacke life ſpurne,
If lodg'd within your boſome, he will burne,
With ſhew of holineſſe burne and ſcorch,
Waſte thee, in thy Eſtate, like a ſpent Torch.
Ther's not a Gentleman of meanes do's die,
But with his Heire, the *Jeſuite* preſently
Shares in his land; with ſhew of Reverence,
(Winning of Soules) covers concupiſcence.
Commits with all he like, any Mans wife,
Makes her beleeve, 'tis to preſerve his life.
Perſwading Letch'rie, with their Ghoſtly Father,
No ſinne, but a deede of charity rather.
Sad-ſickneſſe to prevent, to ſcowre the veines,
To mundifie, and for to purge the Reines.

Ergo plena charitatis; An Act
Of meere Commiseration, such a Fact,
As to denie it, (were a damned sinne)
Pulls curse on curse, which hath for ever binne
Iustly inflicted; punishing all those
Repugnant Natures, with the worst of woes,
Dispaire, assur'd confusion, dismall horrour,
Sudden destruction, Death, infernall terrour,
Hell, and the Devill; for that high offence
Of Stubborne refusall, disobedience,
A sinne, impossible to be forgiv'n,
Such is the Iesuites charge; of purpose giv'n,
To please his Lust; makes that, a gainefull trade,
Lies with this Lady, and that Chamber-Maide.
Here gives a Pardon, there denounceth Curses,
So betwixt both, sure to picke all their Purses.
The Nimble Slaves Church-knaverie can strip,
And fetch your greatest Lady o're the hip.
With a religious show', put tricks upon her,
Rob the beleeving Foole, first of her honour,

Then

Then pardon Sinne; and then he may enthrall,
Rob her of Coyne, Plate, Iewels, Smocke and all,
Doe, and undoe, Her Charity's soone drawne
For baudie Iesuites, her best Smocke to pawne,
Their thread of Doctrine 'mong women spun,
Is to whore all, be she the chastest *Nun*,
If she denie to yeeld, Mur ther and Rape,
Shall Wolfe-like seize that prey, there's no escape,
Such is the Murd'ring Minde of him we call,
Natures Monster, *Priest Iesuitical.*

Noli gloriari quod lingua bene dicis,
Si vita male dicis.

on ye 22 of dec. 1732 Mr
Colett about Maize Cald on me
on the white Steed 4 farst calls
on me for the 12 ms about a
hower after Cared the hop to the
Cole yeard for 12 ms.

THE DEVILL.

SEarch all the *Earth*, you ev'ry where shall see
Satan most busie; from the *Church* not free.
The very Pulpit haunts, and being vext,
Seekes how to put the Preacher from his Text.
Such as teach others, yet themselves neglect,
And with sinnes Caslocke, hide their owne defect;
From *Pew*, to *Pew*, unseene; *Hell's Fiend* do's creepe,
To dull the Hearers Eares, *Ioggs* some asleepe,
Some to vaine prattle, others still to prie,
With wanton lookes, for a bewitching Eye,
Some greedily imployes, to spie out fashions,
To glut the humours of proud womens passions,
Makes muddie *Mortalls*, at each other looke,
More then on *Heav'n*, or Gods all Sacred Booke.

And such is *Satans* craft, continuall motion,
To draw mankind from *heav'n*, and all devotion.
Tempts some to *Hate*, *Ambition*, some to slide
The sliprie sleights of *Pompe*, unpai'd for pride.
Others to swimme the *Sea*, Lust pleasing vice
Some wet damnation, most men Avarice
Servants to *Satan*; *Satan* which do's strive,
Man of all heav'nly solace to deprive.
God (for our sinnes) no sooner ang'ry growes,
But straight the roaring, sudden Devill throwes
His Pawes on us; and like himselfe beginnes
(For numbers numberlesse of desperate sinnes)
To seize the soule, made an eternall prey,
To burne in Hell; as Heav'n just cast away:
Such is the *Fate* of soules, ensnar'd within
Satans command; beware the Twigge of sinne,
Least touch will take the Pris'ner; Hellish guiles
Prove like the perilous paths of Crocodiles,
Who with their slimie tongues (licke o're) prepare
To murther *Mortals*, by a slip'rie snare.

[Man

Man is a Tree, whose root, is certaine evill,
Bad deeds the Body, yeelding to the Devill.
The *Armes*, ten proud aspiring discontents,
Breakers of all the ten Commandements.
The *Branches* are, our proneneſſe unto ill,
The *Leafes* Pleaſure, the faire fruit *ſinne*, which ſtill
With ſweeteſt ſhow of ſweetneſſe tempts us on,
To feed and follow our deſtruction.
There is feare above us, feare ſtill beneath us,
Feare round about, and yet no feare within us:
Satan like *Dalilah*, ſuffers not men
For to ſee danger; is't not ſitting then,
By holy violence, we ſeize the ſword
Of th' *Omnipotent*, Omnipotent word
To ſlaughter ſinne in us; O ſhall not we
(That profeſſe Sacred Chriſtianitie,)
Conquer our crymes; thinke on the life to come,
The riſing of the dead; the Day of Doome,
That *dreadfull day*; let us then never winke,
At our baſe follies; never forget to thinke:

Whom

When this vaſt *Orbe* of *Earth* ſhall blaſing burne,
And all the world in Funerall flames ſhall mourne,
Then *Heav'n* and *Hell* amazing muſt appeare
In two extremes; Ioy, and exceſſive feare.
Heav'n, in bright ſhining *All-Eternall* Light,
Hell, in the Horrour of perpetuall Night:
Heav'n ſhall triumph, *Hell*, tremble, *Angells* ſing,
Gloria in Excelſis, to Heav'ns high King;
The King of Heav'n; Heav'n joyes perfect ſolace,
All-Raviſhing, glit'ring glitt'ring *Palace*,
Pleaſures *Paradiſe*, immortall dwelling,
All-pure, excellent, paſt thought excelling.
Heav'ns Pavement, are the *Starrs*, in what exceſſe
Shines Heav'n, when ſtar-pav'd, with *Starrs* numberleſſe
No thought of want, which mads the thoughts of men,
But plenties fulneſſe, full abound in Heav'n.
"There, *Virgin Chaſtity* In life oppreſt,
"Glitters in Saint-like Glory, lives moſt bleſt.
"The poore *Man* toſt from wrong, to injurie,
"In *Heav'n* finds comfort, firme felicitie.

"The

"The wronged Widdow, injur'd fatherlesse,
"Bright Heav'n relieves, giues all their woes redresse.
"He, that for ill do's good, *Heav'n* will requite,
"Crowne his faire soule with comforts infinite.
Is it not fit then, we our sinnes bewaile?
Thinke still on Heav'n? on Heav'n that ne'r did faile
The penitent soule, when (alas) distrest,
Naked, forlorne, when most of all oppress,
Then sends relieses; miraculous relieses,
Such is the loue of Heav'n; Heav'n cures all greifes.

As for Tymes Wolfe-turn'd ill-affected greatones,
Close-fisted to the poore, deafe to their groanes,
The *Villaines* of this *Age*, that make profession,
Of a pure life; yet liue by base oppression,
Hell shall confound their soules, that Den of Horrour
(Circl'd with blacke affright, blew-burning terrour)
Shall boyle their soules, and bodies to th'black-sweat
Of an infernall poyson; and that eate
Still to renue new paines; plagues that excell;
Such are the never-dying paines of hell.

There

There, painted *Pride* lives crown'd in flaming fire,
Tymes *glorious Strumpet*, whipt with burning wiere,
Fed is the Lust-provoking Lecher there,
With scorching coales; such as delight to sweare,
Swallow the *Drunkards* ever scalding oyle,
There, *Usurers*, in Pooles of sulphure boyle,
Murther, *Rape*, *Incest*, endlesse torments feele,
The Rack of vengeance, and the burning wheele
Whirl'd round in blew flames; soule-amazing feare,
" More plagues then tongue can tell, the damned beare.
In burning beds of steele, soules blazing fry,
Tortur'd with torments, such as never dye;
Cursing the Time of their abusd Creation,
Parents, Fate, sinne, and their owne damnation.
Better, to be never to be borne,
Then (with such Terrour-striking torments torne.
Which so studiew, weepe wormes of Earth, repent,
Weepe, weepe for sinne, soule-killing simples prevent.
" Seeke heav'n, shun Hell, fly from the worlds intice,
" Heav'ns the reward of *Vertue*, Hell of Vice.

" Perfect

" Perfect repentance makes men bravely die
" That liv'd not ſo; fly then *Hell's* miſerie.
" Repent, or damne, for ſinne, weepe and weepe well,
" Soules that doe flour at teares, ſhall fry in hell.
" The Devill ſets his baits in ev'ry Angle,
" No Corner's free from him, ſoules to entangle.
" Therefore in *Vertues Path*, ſtrive to excell:
" Let firme faith ſtill repulſe the Fiend of hell.
Divines may preach elſe, till their heart-ſtrings burſt,
The height of ſinne will mount, live ſtill accurſt.

Vbi peccatum, ibi Procella.

THE

Mans Miſerie.

MAns life is like a Watch, whoſe Time if ſtill
It Minnits right, diſtemper'd by no ill,
It is a rare Peece then; but oft we ſee,
It runnes too faſt; in *Action* tis too free.
Sometimes, by wilfull providence ſet backe,
Sometimes, by dull neglect it goes too ſlacke,
Beates like a dying panting pulſe ſo ſlow,
That by and by it ſtands; and then we know
Tis downe, ſome curious wheele is much amiſſe,
Or ſome ſprynge broke, whereby the whole frame is
So farre paſt rectifying, that it can
Never goe right; but like diſorder'd Man,
Miſ-ſpending pretious time in godleſſe rior,
Time barrs of *Heav'n*, *Angells* immortall dyet.

Youth

Youth is a hot, unbridled, willfull folly,
Picke me out one that's Vertuous, truly holy
In this abuſed life; and you ſhall finde,
Infinite thouſands of a *Vicious* minde.
Age Palſey-ſtrucke ready for deaths darke grave,
Inſenſible of ſinne, it all would have
That ſhew of profit brings; though ill got gaine,
And threatning heaven in thunder ſpeake, refraine
Bad precepts; t'will not do; Truth tells us ſtill,
Age proves Youth's ſcorne, through examples ill.
Vice leades the ſilver yeares to endleſſe blame,
Vaine unſtay'd youth to beggery, and ſhame.
'Tis Heav'ns juſt puniſhment; an ill lewd life,
In Young and old, meets with eternall ſtrife.
Thinke then on thy *Creatour* wretched man,
Remember what thou art, thy life a ſpan,
A weake thinne thread, ſpun from the downy wooll
Of tender *children*, to the Aged skull.
From youths rich Scarlet die, Beauties full force,
To the ſilver Tinſell ſnow, of a cold Courſe.

Man

Man is an *Actor*, and the world the *Stage*,
Where ſome doe laugh, ſome weepe, ſome ſing, ſome rage
All in their *Parts*, during the *Scene* of breath,
Act follies, ſcourg'd by the *Tragedian* death:
Such is the *Fate* of ſoules, enſnar'd within
Satans command; beware the twigg of ſinne,
Leaſt touch will take thee *Priſoner*; Helliſh guiles,
Prove like the perilous paths of Crocodiles,
That with a ſlimie Tongue lick't o're prepares
To murther Mortalls; ſuch is Satans ſnare.
O why ſhould Mortalls wiſh long life to live,
What comfort? what true joy do's this life give?
Ther's nothing, not one thought that do's us good,
But it is strangl'd ſtraight by fleſh and blood.
The longer life, the more we ſinne, and fall
From bad to worſe, from worſe, to worſt of all.
"Life loving fortunes, how ye puffe men up,
"To hugg their follie, drinke damnations Cup!
O that men were farre wiſer, would but thinke,
How ſwell'd with pride, they deſperately wincke

At their owne venom *Vices*; and yet ſtorme
At others faults; good heav'n this ſinne returne,
Or we ſhall periſh; praying for our foes
Is of ſmall uſe; this cauſes all our woes.
Rejoyce at no mans fall (with foule aſperſion)
Although thy foe; but pray for his converſion,
So piety wills; ſtill imitate the beſt,
Not worſt of men; he that lives well, dies bleſt.
Obſerve, what Holy Writ prompts thee to act,
"Pray for thy foes, 'tis a moſt pious fact,
If then thine enemie perſiſt in ire,
"Heav'n on his head in flames, heapes coales of fire:
The cauſe, that on our heads juſt vengance drawes,
Springs from our ſelves; we breake Gods ſacred Lawes,
Yet never minde it; complaints and daily cryes
Are much among us ſtill, but no wet eyes
For crying ſinnes; daggers of diſcontent
Strab home, where carceleſſe people ne'r repent.
Nothing more dang'rous, nor hath ever been,
Then to live ſtill, i'th' Lethargie of ſinne,

The clouded ſight permits us not to Eie
Our owne foule faults; nor the Flint heart to ſpie
It's rockie ſubſtance; many have no ſenſe,
No feeling of their ſinnes large conſcience,
Remove the cauſe betimes; let thou, and I,
Ev'ry one ſtrive, offend not with thine eye.
" Fly from the tongues abuſe, thy hard hearts terrour,
" Or live ſinnes Slave, loſt in a miſt of errour.

The clouded Heaven permits us not to see
Our own true faults; nor the Fates bear to us
Its rocks in brilliance; many hath no fame,
No feeling of their finer parts, no sense,
Remove the cause from it, for then, and I,
Thy pure love, offend not with thine eye.
" Fly from the tongues slave, thy hand bear scroll,
" Or live times Slave, for ink or errour.

Sinnes Infirmitie.

THe Sinne of *Mans* infirmitie is knowne
Best by the consequence, (sad sorrowes groane,)
It leaves behind it such a sting within
The Soule; that miserable *Man* for sinne
(Snar'd with temptations in this worlds wide Hall)
Can never be at rest; but grieve and fall
Out to the *Death* with his abhord condition,
The guilt of Conscience; and the base fruition
Of his besotted sence; he takes no pleasure
In the worlds wealth; weighing Gods deepe displeasure
Still against sinne; he never is at quiet,
At *Home*, *abroad*, in *bed*, or at his *diet*.
There is no health in's flesh, no rest in's bones,
Sinne stifles sences; all mirth converts to moanes.

Each comfort proves diſconſolate within
That ſoule, which really is griev'd for ſinne.
Deepe ſwelling ſighes, like breaking *Seas* diſcover
Heart breaking groanes; one griefe upon another.
Sinne like inceſſant ſtormes beats on the breaſt
Of *Mans* afflicted ſoule, never at reſt,
'Till he has made his peace with Heav'n, by ſo und
And ſerious humble reconcilement drownd
In ſtreaming teares; ſuch teares, as beſt expreſſe,
For ſinnes infirme; a heart in bitterneſſe.
Learne thou this *Leſſon*, thou whoſe clouded eyes,
Hides thee from ſight of thy infirmities,
Thy *Pride*, oppreſſion, *luſt*-provoking diet,
Naſtie defilements, drunken belching riot,
Which ſo beſweats, ſots, and beſpots the ſoule,
As renders it moſt loathſome, uggly foule
To the Eyes of the *All-pure-God*; He ſpies
All our baſe thoughts, each darke deed, all thoſe lies
The Divell blinds us with, to our abuſe;
Vnder the feign'd pretence of an excuſe;

Sinnes

Sinnes Impudence.

SInne that was wont in privacy to lurke,
Not daring to be ſeene darke deeds to worke,
Walk't ſtill in feare; the mind was ne'r at reſt,
Like a poore Man in danger of Arreſt.
But now in *Triumph* like a Drab of State
Branded with impudence; dare walke and prate,
Doe deedes of open ſhame; yet never bluſh,
Shrinke, feare, nor feele *Revenge* more then a ruſh.
Shield us from ſinne, (great God) ſinne that at firſt
Poyſon'd the perfect Man; made all accurſt
That glorious Image; made him ſee his ſhame,
Poore, naked, needie, and loſſe of his good name.
What ever ſorrowes on weake man befall,
Publique, or private, ſinne is the cauſe of all.

Sinne dulls the Soule, when Heav'n is out of sight;
Mans out of *Heart*; all vertues loose their light.
Like a besieged *Cittie*, sinne surrounds,
The medowes of the soule, runnes her grounds,
Windes like a subtile *River* bout the 'bancks,
So Eates into her sides, as drown's the Ranks
Of Muddy-minded Mortalls weake defence,
Walls built on *Wood-Piles*, rotten confidence.
O the rare Mercy of Almighty God,
How it do's daily wse us from the Rod
Of his just vengeance; yet nor love, nor feare,
Nor any thing that's good in us appeare.
The *Prodigall Gull*, uncapable to know
The worth of wealth; farre sooner will bestow
Ten pound upon a Hawke, a Hound, a Whore,
Rather then give ten pence, to cloath the poore.
" The *Worldly Churle*, whose money is his slave,
" Goes to the Church, heares Sermons, seemes to have
" Divine discourse; *Religion* in his talke,
" Devotion, Pitty; yet in life do's walke

" A

« A full diſſembler; *Machivell* and he;
« Remorſeleſſe monſters, dead in Charitie.
« Deafe to the poore man's-crie, his want of food,
« Vrge Scripture to him, that will doe no good.
« The ſpirits of miſcheife in their ſoules reply,
« They'l not be forc'd to ſuccour baggery.
Let *Ioſeph* lie in Chaines, and *Daniel* too,
Shall they for thread-bare Charity undoe
Their full cramm'd baggs, abate the curious *Pride*
Of *Wife* and *Children*; dimme glorious outſlide,
High hopes; the Worlds applauſe, ſinne-ſick wiſhes,
Banquets by *Torch-lights*, and bloud ſtirring diſhes,
All, to relieve deſpiſed poverty?
Wrong their delights, to pitty penury?
No, no; they'l not be taught where, when, and how
To give their Almes; the Saint to whom they bow
Learnes no ſuch leſſon; he ſo ſlaves the braine
With the blacke Text; that for their hell-bred gaine,
Worſe then the *Scythian Thiefe*, or barbarous *Turke*,
They'l cheate *friend*, *Father*; never doe good worke,

Vnleſſe

Vnleſſe to trumpet forth their Almes, much good,
When ther's no *Vertue* in their renome bloud,
Yet to the World appeare the ſcourge of evill,
A very *Saint* in ſhow, in heart a Devill.
A foule diſſembling *Fiend* incarnate,
That ſeemes preciſe, thinking the gift of prate,
The pratling, pious ſeeming ſhew forſooth
Of a pure life, ſhould darken ſacred *Truth*.
Good God, divert their eyes from *Hell* below
To looke on Heav'n; force their blind eyes to know
Sinne for a while may with a *Braſen* face
Out-brave poore *Vertue*, flouriſh for a ſpace,
Feed hot, and high, ſwimme in the worlds delight,
As if *Vice* only, were *heav'ns* Favorite,
Be fat in folly, curious ſcoffes, that dare
Mocke at the wrinckled lookes of honeſt care.
Scorne leane *Ribb'd Art*, all griefes which interlace
The *Lines* of *ſorrow* writ in *Vertues* face.
Sinne may doe this; rais'd on the loftie ſtile,
Of Prides preferment for a little while.

But

But if time lend liues yeares for to obserue,
You ſoone ſhall ſee proud ſinne, ready to ſterue,
Bluſhing for ſhame, and halting on a crutch
Spotted all o're with *Biles*; loathſome to touch:
"Sweett ſinnes ſoone fade, vaniſh like lightnings flaſh,
"Honors a *Bubble*, Riches deceitfull traſh
Circl'd with miſchiefes, glitt'ring wantonneſſe,
Dull ſelf-eſecured Eaſe, brittle greatneſſe:
Which like the ſerpent *Dipſas* quenchleſſe thirſt,
Lives never ſatisfied, untill it burſt.
"Much wealth, ſmall witt, and farre leſſe honeſty,
"Preferres the *golden Aſſe* to dignity.
Be wiſe as *Cato*, juſt as *Manlius*,
Valiant as *Scipio*, Chaſt as *Curius*;
"Wiſedome in ragges is ſpurn'd at like a ruſh,
"Folly gaines Credit, crept but into Pluſh.
Be what thou wilt, wealth formes formality,
Though ſpung'd with never a one good quality.
Worldlings applaud the Rich, the poore deſpiſe,
Speake never ſo well, ſo excellently wiſe,

Best knowledge must be dumbe; Wisedome best hid in,
Yeelds but harsh *Musicke* in a *Thread-bare* Coate.
Witnesse Times poore *Philosophers* everywhere,
Who being in the *Presence* at the Gouty
Was for his simple weeds of slight regard
Rudely thrust out by the grim-looking Guard;
But shifting cloathes, admitted to the Eye
Of State, the King, before whose Majestie,
He not the least of Reverence would beare,
Save *Cap* and *Knee*, toth' cloathes himselfe did weare,
Saying, I honour him that honours mee,
These my gay *Clouts*, which brought me *King* to thee.
This to the sinfull World, may Emblème our,
Mortalls vaine worshipping the Golden Clout
Of him, or her, whose soules uncertaine stand
(Fixt i'th *imperative moode* of proud command)
Ioyes in no other Heaven, but admiration,
Till senceleſſe they forget their first Creation,
Honours vaine bubble, Riches deceitfull store,
Which ne'r drops penny to the pining poore.

Nor

Nor ever harbour thought of Charity
To *Wretches*, wilfull sterv'd with poverty.
While on the adverse parts (Vertue deride)
Vice still is hugg'd, the world's in love with pride.
O stonie hearts, sinne yon're to thinke
Feare turnes my Paper blacke, makes pale my Inke.
Amaz'th sence, compells my pulsey Pen,
Trembling to write the Impiousnesse of Men,
Whose hate to pitty, must to terrour turne,
Where teares for sinne are wanting, sinne shall burne.
Tell me ye *Toad-swolne* flinty *Pharaobs*, tell?
Can temporall joyes, equall the paines of Hell:
Treasures, and pleasures, those quicke fading streames,
To the poore sleeping soule, are all but dreames.
The lipdes beauty, momentary joy,
Which waking findes, Earths glory but a toy:
This for a Maxime take, shunne times lewd life,
Cease from extreames in sinne, soule-murthring strife,
Abhorre to Studdy state with greater zeale
Then zeale to Heav'n or the soules Common-weale,

Abhorre

Abhorre with solemne Oathes perjur'd coozeners
And racke the name of *Christ*, dreadlesse of feare,
Wounding a fresh (with trembling feare I write)
Wonder of *Angels*, that great *God* of light,
His wounds with Oathes of wounds, fleshly, bloud and
(Horrour of darkenesse) O blaspheming heart,
Too too much us'd, mocking godlesse soules, which still
Infinite good pay, with infinite ill.

The Penitent Simner.

LEt others boast their goodneſſe, for my part,
Wretch that I am, I have a ſinfull heart,
So ti'de and bound, ferter'd and chain'd within,
So ſtrong a priſon, ſuch a *Maze* of ſinne,
That 'tis as farre unlikely for me worme
Ere to winde out, as for to raiſe a ſtorme,
Or ſlacke a *Tempeſt*; works of wonder ſtand,
Farre from the reach of mortalls weake command.
None but the hand of God, his ſpeciall grace,
Can pull me forth the dungeon of diſgrace.
And ſhall I then, in impious waies uneven,
Offend ſo good a God; defend me Heav'n!
Ride thou my ſoule upon ſome winged cloud
To'th'Haven of heavn; fly to the ſacred ſhroud

Of

Of temporall safety, fly the sight
Of blasing beauties, staring Earths delight,
Malicious mindes, mischievous mans invention,
Faire lookes, false hearts, stampt in a foule intention,
Take flight my *Soule*; fly from the dismall Den
Of this darke Age; the impiousnesse of men,
Fly from the pond'rous plummets of blacke *Vice*,
Which pulls to Hell; helpe *Prince of Paradise*.
I faint, I die, sinne loades my soule with horrour,
The World, the flesh and Divell, all with terrour
Hangs on my fetter'd limbes, Prisoner to care
I live starv'd, tortur'd, tempted to despaire.
What shall I doe, where, whither shall I fly?
Here, there, I know not where, lie downe and dye.
Vp soule to *Heaven*, there get a glorious Crowne
I am too weake, too vile, sinne pulls me downe.
O my unworthy nesse, my shame, my sinne,
When shall I shake thee off? when, when begin?
No? wil't not bee? can I not doe the good
I would? must I be rul'd by flesh and blood?

Weepe, weepe poore ſoule, diſſolve hard heart of flint,
Melt, melt thou ſtony Rock, teares never ſtint,
Drop Marble mount, drop to a *Crimſon* flood,
Sinke my ſinnes, in ſeas of penitent blood.
While others careleſſe of celeſtiall health,
Greedie like Hell, hunger for worldly wealth,
Preferment, pride, and vainely put their truſt
In the forbidden *Pathes* of tempting luſt,
In glaſſie glory, ſubtile *Court* behaviour
In valour, conqueſt and monarchall favour;
Whiles ſoules thus erre, O thou the Lord of light,
Make me *Heavens Champion*, vertues favorite.
Come folded Armes, and you ſad eyes, ſad heart,
Come ſoule oppreſt with ſorrow, play thy part.
Haſte to ſome gloomy Grave, there all alone
On the greene mantled earth ſigh, ſobbe and groane,
Spend precious time with ſacred thoughts that bewes
Heav'n in their eyes, true vertue in their teares:
Complaine I will to *Fortune*, nor thou whose
Which makes

Il'e not complaine to her, but to that *Ens*,
Almighty *Fortune* in divineſt ſenſe.
Groveling on *Earth* for ſinne, I'le caſt forth groanes,
Sighes ſhall convert to *Teares*, teares into moanes,
Then will I ſtart from ground, my body raiſe,
Shoote mine eyes upward, againſt heav'n I'le gaze,
Thinke on my God, my God whoſe ſacred will
I have abus'd; my God moſt juſt to kill,
Damne ſoule and body; my remembrance blot
Out of the booke of life; I that forgot
In midſt of all vaine joyes, in temp'rate health,
Soule-ſnaring Chamb'rings, laſcivious ſtealth,
All-ſeeing Heav'n, a *God* ſo greate, ſo good,
The death of *Jeſus Chriſt*, my ſaviours blood,
Slave that I am, where ſhall I turne mine eye
Vnworthie to looke up? Heav'n heare my cry!
Heare me *Eternall Eſſence*, which hath made
My ſoule to pray; ſend me thy ſacred aide.
" On the bright ſun-beames of thy ſweet ſalvation,
" Bring ſmall dewy up the dew of my devotion.

Mount ſoule upon the wings of Charity,
Helpe *Heav'n*, up heart, fly to Eternity.
Rowze like a towring *Falcon* in deſpight
Of Hell and furies, fly to the Makers ſight,
Come, come Lord Ieſus, O come thou and give
Helpe to my helpleſſe ſoule, I that doe live
Like the diſtreſſed bird, trapt in a ſnare
Caught by a lime-twigg flying through the Aire,
In which diſtreſſe for comforts ſweet releife,
Poore Innocent, with wings adds woe to griefe,
So fares my ſoule ſtriving ſinnes ſnare to fly,
Trapt by deceit, lives ſnar'd in miſery.
My trembling conſcience tells me I have beene
A very fearefull ſinner, ſlave to ſinne,
Of all Men, moſt unworthy of Salvation
My ſinnes deſerve *Heavn's* wrath, *hell* and damnation.
Yet mercie, mercy Lord, mercy I crave,
Shield my ſad ſoule from the infernall grave,
" Strangle my growing ſinnes in their beginning,
" Demoliſh (Lord) in me cuſtome in ſinning.

" Draw from mine eyes the vaine worlds vaine intice,
" And ravish me with love of *Paradice.*
" Busie my thoughts with vertue, make me crie
" To live by honest meanes, or let me die.
Pardon all idle prate, sinnes rotten talke
Let not my steps treade that accursed walke
Which leads to lewdnesse; base delights in pleasure,
Desire of Pompe, vaine glory, tottering treasure,
Let not my wandring eyes flame in the fire
Of lust-sting lookes, nor let the loose desire
Of *Beauties Bravery*, burne out mine eyes
With senseless gazing; Lord make me to despise
All wanton waies, sinnes of ill govern'd youth,
All wicked customes 'gainst thy sacred Truth.
Make me (my God) in hate to impure lives,
Kiche at that life, which life of heav'n deprives:
Deale not, Lord deale not with me as my merit
Truely deserves; drive out that uggly spirit
Of all uncleannesse from my filthy flesh,
My drooping soule with sanctitie refresh,

Shrow'd

Shrow'd me beneath thy ſacred Countenance,
Give me thy ſervant *Davids* repentance,
The Faith of *Abraham*, holy *Jacobs* ſtrife,
Bleſt *Stephens* Charity, chaſte *Ioſephs* life,
The Patience of *Iob*; *Pauls* purity;
And ſoule-afflicted *Peters* weeping Eye.
« With holy Teares, (Lord) make me to reject
« The Sinne, I impious ſinner moſt affect:
O thou the King of thoſe Eternall fires
That ſpangles *Heav'n*; good God grant my deſires,
Infuſe in me thy *Grace*, or I ſhall ſtray,
And ſo become a fearefull Caſt-away.
I, that am poore, weake, feeble, and too apt,
By the worlds whoriſh waies to be intrapt,
Beſeech thy pardon, forgive my coldneſſe
In ſerving thee, pardon that damned boldneſſe,
Let *Mercy* every *Evening* which does keepe
Me, from day-dangers, death-reſembling ſleepe,
Be to my ſoule a *Prayer* booke to imprint
Teares in mine Eyes; griefe in my heart of flint;

Be it ſo *Mighty Maker* unto mee,
To me and every one, make us to ſee
And ſhunne ſinnes cuſtome; with thy ſacred wings,
Guard us from dangers, bleſſed King of Kings,
Thou art my onely comfort in diſtreſſe,
Foode, rayment, all my cure in heavineſſe,
My true *Phyſitian*, in unruly madneſſe,
Soule-raviſhing *Muſicke* in my deepeſt ſadneſſe,
When all the world forſakes me God is kind,
He comfort gives to my diſconſolate mind.
O thou the Lord of Thunder, Heav'n and Earth,
Mercifull maker, thou that didſt give me breath.
Thou that can'ſt muſter Angells in the Skie,
To ſafeguard ſoules from blacke impiety,
Thou that doſt feede, and cloath, and ſtill perſever
To give me health; be mercifull for ever.
"Lord teach me for to prize the world at naught,
"Vpon thy bleſſednes be all my thought.
"Take from mine eyes, the vaine worlds vaine entice
"And raiſh me with love of Paradiſe.

"Bleſſe

"Bleſſe me each *Morne*, and bleſſe me ev'ry Even;
"Bleſſe Wife and Children, bring us all to Heav'n
In thy good time; and during lifes ſhort ſpace,
Grant us Lord Ieſus thy abundant grace.
Graft thy Grace inwardly in our hearts, that wee
Never like ſtraying ſheepe, ſtray Lord from thee.
Heare me *Miraculous Majeſtie*, and give
A period to my cares, let me not live
Fruſtrate of *Honeſt meanes*; O ſend redreſſe,
Imploy my *Pen*, keepe me from Idleneſſe,
From all ill Company, all waies unjuſt,
Sinne, Satan, and the Labyrinth of luſt.
Like *Ioſeph*, *Mighty Maker*, make me fly
The tempting *Bates* of *Beauties* bravery.
Suffer me *Worme unworthy*, not in vaine
To call on thee; let me ſome ſolace gaine
Or kneele for ever; happie man were I
To kneele, and pray, and at my Prayers die.
To live for ever; ever more to ſing
Glory to thee O God; Heavens glorious King.

O you, that ſtand on *Pinacles* of ſtate,
Let not the *World* deceive you, leſt too late,
From off your ſlipprie height you come in thrall,
To paſh your ſelves in peeces paſt recall!
Sell not faire *Lordſhips* to keepe *Ladiſhips*,
Nor ſucke damnation from a *Strumpets* lips.
Touch not thoſe ſpells of *Sparta*, let 'em rot,
When Vertue lives in man, luſt is forgot.
One onely Iemme, that's all the ſtore I have,
Great of that little, nothing, which ſhall crave
Of Heav'ns great *Ens*, not for my ſelfe alone,
But for thee *Reader*; thee, and every one
Rareneſſe of rare example, and withall
An everlaſting skie of Grace to fall
Vpon our Warre on Earth, deſiring Heav'n,
For waies on Earth are crooked, all unev'n.
O Heav'nly *Father*, glorious Diety,
Pardon, O Pardon my impiety,
I, that have imperfections on my head,
Paſt Starres in number; or thoſe ſands that ſpread

The

The Vaſt Seas bottome; ſhall not I confeſſe,
How oft 'gainſt God, I deſp'rately tranſgreſſe,
Put off Repentance ſtill from day to day,
Abuſe his mighty *Patience*, ſtill delay
His dread *Command*; and like a ſenceleſſe ſot,
Vnmindfull of his mercies; minde them not.
No ſooner doe I finde a good thought take me;
But from that vertue fleſh and bloud doe ſhake me.
Forgive me, O forgive me thou that art
Heav'ns univerſall ſearcher, cure my heart.
At my dull follies Ile no longer winke,
Sorrow ſhall be my *Pen*, ſad teares my *Incke*,
Miſery my *Paper*, whereon I'le write
The ſorrowes of my ſoule, my *youthes* delight,
My pathes of pleaſure, *Prodigall* expences,
My Scarlet Crimes, and all my blacke offences:
This *Booke*, I'le *dedicate* unto my heart,
My heart, chiefe *Actor*, in ſinnes *Tragicke* part.
My heart, *unprincely*, Revelling within
My body, that *Banqueting* houſe of ſinne;

There

There, Chain'd to 'th *Magicke Muſicke* of free will,
Riots in poyſon'd pleaſure, lewdly ill.
All that belongs to th'body, ev'ry part,
(My ſoule alone excepted) ſerves my heart,
Beſt pleas'd; and beſt at eaſe, with pleaſures bane,
Moſt glad, to be moſt bad; and in that vaine
Traitor to *Truth*; each limbe a Mortall foe,
To worke my univerſall overthrow.
O falſe, falſe heart, falſe to thy deareſt freind,
Wound me no more; for pittie make an end,
I pitty thy blacke life; nor can forbeare,
For thee, to ſhed many a bleeding teare.
Thou art my foe: and yet to ſee thee feed,
Fat for *Hells Shambles*, my poore ſoule dos bleed;
Bleeds inward, indiſcern'd of any eye,
Except my *God*, and my owne miſery.
What ſhall I doe? faine would I ſhunne the ſinne
My frailty moſt delights to wander in:
And yet I cannot; when I ſtrive 'gainſt vice
To ſtand moſt firme, I'me tript up in a trice.

" O What a mis'ry 'tis to have a minde
" For to be truely honeſt; well inclinde,
" And not to be ſuffer'd; ſuch is the ſtate,
" Of my ſad bleeding ſoule unfortunate.
" Field honour's but a Vapour; the ſound breſt,
" Puts on *Church-Armour Faith*, and ſleights the reſt.
" In Love to Vertue and true godly feare,
" Dwells Honour; not in *Dart, Bow, Sling* or *Speare*,
Nor in vaine Beauty, ſtrength, the pride of Wit,
Preſuming Riches, Learning, Valour, Credit,
High Birth, Nobility, nor gravitie,
Humanity, nor yet Virginity,
But in the humble ſoule whom holy ſtorie,
Speaks to maintaine God, and the Goſpels glory;
The King and Kingdomes ſafety, Churches peace,
The Virgins right, Widdowes and fatherleſſe;
Theſe are the noble ſteps that ever waite,
On Vertues Court; 'tis the true Prop of ſtate,
Save me, O ſave me thou Eternall Iarrour,
To damned ſoules, I doe confeſſe each errour,

The

The many thousand sinnes, unseene, unfelt,
Which long, too long, in my hard heart have dwelt,
To thee, to thee thou everlasting being,
Of an Eternall *Majestie*; all seeing,
With Penitent heart, I come, I call, I cry,
Pittie me wretch, helpe thou all viewing eye,
My armes are spread, come sempeternall Essence,
Ravish my soule; come blessed Penitence
Give me thousand stabbs, my soule has neede,
Of many thousand teares; then let it bleede!
Pierce, pierce my stubborne heart, make that the Lane
Of *Grace*, which yet, is but the house of sinne:
Looke downe soule saving sacred God of Truth,
Forgive th'infinite follies of my youth,
Shield me Divinity from Sathans ginnes,
Lord lay not to my charge my Parents sinnes:
Glory of goodnesse in thy mercy, heare me,
Let hate, *Revenge*, nor *Envie* ne're come neare me,
Let neither *Pride*, nor hope of *gaine* deceive me,
Nor pleasure, nor the want of meanes bereave me

Of

Of ſence; leſt ſenceleſſe wholy I deſpaire
And ſo become the wretched child of Care.
O ſacred ſaviour, give me grace to fly
Delight in ſinne; I beg it earneſtly,
In all my prayers enable me to be
(Bleſſed Lord Ieſus) pleaſing unto thee.
Make me to doe thy will Lord; make me grow
Great in thy love, thou that doſt truely know,
Of all *Earths bleſſings* unto mortalls giv'n,
My ſole deſire on *Earth*, is *Grace* from Heav'n,
Grace to be good; grace to avoide hels ginnes,
And grace to grieve, for nothing but my ſinnes,
So ſhall thy mercy, ne'r forgetfull ſtand,
While I have *Tongue*, a *Pen*, a *head*, a *hand*.

THE

The Soules Sea-fight,

EMp'rour of Angells; O thou King of Starrs,
Man's perfect ſolace 'gainſt ſinnes bloudy warres,
When I behold with contemplations Eye
The ſilver ſpangles of the glorious skie;
Me thinks in that Blew-paper-booke of Heav'n
I ſee the waies of Mortalls all Vnev'n,
The wretched ſoule of Man in ev'ry place,
Lives Locally in hell, Wanting thy grace,
Temptation on temptation paſt controule,
Alures the body to betray the ſoule;
Hells *Blacke-Prince Troopes* of ſpirits ev'ry day,
Invades Mans Sinne-ſeidg-Sonle, *Furies* diſplay
Infernall *Banners*, while the *Drum* of death
Beates a dead *March*, and e're I can take breath,

Sounds

Sounds shrill Alarums, hot assaults beginne
The soules fierce *fight*; muffled in cloudy sinne,
I live beset; Millions of spirits round
Shoot at my soule, I stand on no firme ground
But tread on Earth, as on a *Ball* of ice.
I cannot stand, nor stirre for sliprie vice.
My Soul's a ship tost on the mountaine seas,
Of this vast world; she never lives at ease,
Her *Sailes* are *sighes*, her *Anchor* deepe despaire,
Her *Compasse* errour, her sad *Pilot* care.
Farre off from Safe-eyes shore, floates on the waves
Of fearefull billowes, Soule-devouring graves,
Rough, blustring stubborne stormes, yeeld no reliefe
On ev'ry *shrowd*, each *Tackling* hangs a griefe,
Death like a darke cloud, betets every place,
Here *Rockes* of *ruine*, there *Pyrates* lie in chase,
In ev'ry corner mischeifes houry lurke,
Pride fights against us like a furious Turke:
Lust like a *Treacherous Spaniard*, mutt'ring *Treason*,
Like an infected poysons loathsome stench

Glutronie

Gluttonie like a *Germane*; drunkennesse
Like a *Dutch-dun-ker-ker*; whose impiousnesse
Stiles him the Master Gunner to give fire
To all Sinnes blacke Artillery, hells Ire,
Infernall Chaine-shot, All Soule murd'ring strife,
To sinke mans weather-beaten ship of life.
Which to gaine grace; no sooner weighes Anchor,
Sets saile for safety, but straight Sinnes canker
The devouring Devill, *Pyrate* for Hell,
Chasing fiye after; and with blacke *Art* spell
Commands to stay; sometimes with beautious formes,
With songs of *Syrens* sometimes; sometimes stormes,
Such pitchy *Tempests*, to benight the way,
As if the *horrour* of the Latter day;
Frighted the world, so stops the soule from blisse,
Shoots through and through her; so she feares amisse.
Then as in *bloudy Sea-fights* men may see,
Times sacrifice to valour, no man free
From desperate danger; every one maintaines
The terrour of the fight (though with their braines

" Dasht in each others face) vitall breath
" Lost in a *Fiery flame*; blood and death
" Bullets, and *Batteries*, covers the *ship* all ore
" Her dismall *Decks* with horror, purple gore,
And scatter'd limbes; O the sad shreeke the cries,
Here sinckes a *Ship*, and there another fries
In fiery flames; some to scape present harme
Mount the *Maine-Top*, some hang on the *Yard-Arme*,
'Till the pitcht *Mast* becomes a blazing Torch,
Whose up flying flame, when it beginnes to scorch,
Downe, downe the poore *Soules* drop, who (life to save)
Vnwilling, willingly make the Sea their Grave,
The *deepes* their *Tombes*; so the soules Pinnace
In her spirituall fight, sinne dos deface,
Murders our best of thoughts; like raging seas,
Windes, Stormes, & Tempests, drive us where they pleas
The poore afflicted soule, Satan so blinds
It knowes not where she is; by whizing winds
Now toss't, toth' top, of all the Azure skie,
Now tumbling as to *Hell* with frighted Eye,

Her *Flag* of ſinnes defiance Tempeſts rent,
Her ſayles torne all to raggs; her maine maſt ſpent
All out of order, toſſing too, and fro,
The ſoule diſtreſt, knowes not not which way to goe.
With gentle calme; checke Sathans blacke ſtorme Lord,
We ſhipwracke elſe; Devills will come abord
Burne with hells Wildfire; flame, ruine, raze,
Blot our ſoules hope, helpe miniſter of grace.
Safetie's in Heav'n; in this uncertaine life,
Nothing but Hell-bred Quickſands, warre and ſtrife,
Soule killing vapours, worldly vanites,
Thicke clouds of Vice perpetuall miſeries!

There is a *Voyage* to the holy land,
In which the *Truth* our bleſſed *Lord* muſt ſtand
The *Holy Ghoſt* our *Pilote* to Direct
The Steerage of our *Courſe* from ſinnes neglect
To th' *Haven* of *Heav'n*; that happie Port of reſt
Salvation's guard, true Cape of comfort bleſt,
There *Heav'ns* bright *Majeſtie* our Savlour ſweet,
Sits with the hand of mercy for to greet

And waft us to him; O may all that ſtray
Saylingalong the *Coaſt* of ſorrow pray,
Pray unto him; he'le guide their wand'ring Barke
Tempeſt-toſt homely in the dreadfull darke.
If thou be *Sea-ſick*, call upon him, and he
Shall ſoone, with health his ſweet ſolace comfort thee.
Rebuke the raging winds, Times blackeſt ſtormes,
And to a *Calme*, skie-ſwelling ſeas reforme.
No *Rocks*, *Gulfes*, *Sands*, nor ſeas-cloud-kiſſing waves
Sinnes dreadfull *Sea-fights*, nor the deſperate braves
Of *Pyrates*, none ſhall hurt; let then thy care
See thy weake *Veſſell* rigg'd, well *Mann'd* with prayer,
And then *Launch* forth, hoiſt ſailes, and when you ſpie
The *Cape* of good hope, keepe it in thine eye.
Let *Holy thoughts* deathr-*breathing ſtormes* ore-come,
That whatſoever chance there ſhall become,
The *veſſell* of thy body, being foule,
Make ſure to ſave the *Paſſenger* thy ſoule.

He valiant, onely vertuous is that can

Subdue his ſinnes, He's the true Noble man.
Ther's perfect valour, he true glory winnes,
Hee's the true ſouldier that ſubdues his ſinnes,
Breaks through the Pikes of ſinne, all Fiends that are
In Hell, or divells ruling in the ayre,
Forceing his way to Heav'n deſpight all charmes,
Enchantments, dead ſleepes, all ſoule-ſlaying harmes,
Wreſtling like *Iacob* conſtant in his fight,
Mindfull of his Majeſticke-Makers ſight,
To ſuch, belongs the Everlaſting Crowne
Of Sempeternall *glory*, true renowne,
Which to prepare thee for; ceaſe to neglect
Th'*Almighties* ſacred *ſervice*, let reſpect,
Feare and true reverence to his pretious word,
Be to thy Soule Truths Helmet, ſhield and ſword,
Fit to ſubdue the Fiend, all fiery Darts,
Furies and fiends, Heav'n arme thy noble parts,
Soule, Body, Heart, and all ſtrive to fulfill
(The Majeſtie of Heav'n) his divine will.

And like the cunning curious Architect,
Earneſt ſome goodly building to erect,
(Breaking his ſleepe) wholy imployes his mind
On the drawne modell, which when he dos find
Exact; his eye dwells ever then upon it,
And his affection never driven from it.
So when to thought we call our Saviours bloud,
(That ſempeternall *Platforme* of all good)
Shed for our ſinnes; let it for ever dwell
In the *Idea* of our minds, ſo Hell
Sterne *Death*, nor deadly deſp'rate diſcontent,
Can barre the heav'nly heart from's true content!
* Gods Vengeance againſt ſinne, his true diſlike
Me thinkes ſhould move us to repent, and ſtrike
A terrour to our ſoules, force us to ſee
Man's outward danger, inward miſerie.
Which like an unreſiſted roaring Tide
Runnes through our veines, apts the baſe bloud to pride
To all the ſinnes that are, or ever were,

O horrid ill, have we not cause to feare,
To quake, and tremble, when our dull dead eyes
(Drunke with the poyson'd dregges of sinne) ne'r spies
The mischeivous perills, and the blacke affright;
That hourely wait on the spirituall fight;
Fiends live at *Sea*, and *Furies* on the land,
Gluttony for a *Corporall* dos stand;
Avarice a *Pioner*, *Sloth* you'l spie,
An idle *Gentleman* of a Companie,
Wraths the *Serjeant*, *Envie* the Colours gaine,
Lust the *Lievtenant* is; *Pride* the Captaine.
These in the hearts of ev'ry one takes place,
Where *Cowardly Soules* shuns the blest meanes of grace.
Let us for ever then, desist from evill,
Wisedome commands us to defie the Devill.
To combate with our sinnes oppose temptation,
Fight against *Hell*, the *Devill* and damnation.
This for a *Caveat* take, strive to live well,
Ingratitude to God, frides flames in Hell.

While grace is offer'd then, watch, faſt, and pray,
Ther's no prevention in the latter day.
None lives ſecure, that to his Vice lives friend,
A Vicious life, oft makes a Vicious end.
Strengthen me my Creator, make me ſtight,
Thy holy battell, let not the worlds delight
Diſſwade my ſoule; ſweet Jeſus for thy merit
Enable me, rowze my dejected ſpirit,
Vncharme Hells charme; O ſacred God untie
My fetter'd ſoule; let me not ever lie
Lull'd in the lazie lap of deadly ſinne,
This Minute Sacred Saviour, now beginne
To give releaſe; and as thou didſt provide,
Army of *Angells* for *Eliahs* guide,
Who (to ſecure him girt with Enemies)
Mounted his ſoule from worldly vanities,
So Heav'nly *Day-ſtar*, bleſſed *Jeſus* end
This my deſigne; thy holy *Angell* ſend
To be my guide, my guard, my ſacred ſpell

'Gainſt

'Gainſt all Enchantments, Witchcraft, Death and Hell.
So ſhall my *Anthem* ev'ry *Morning* be,
Glory of *Heav'n* pitty, O pitty me.
Pitty me Wretch, moſt wretched, vilely baſe
Wanting thy ſacred aide, ſpirituall grace.
The onely Cure ſinnes raging flames to quentch,
Is *Aqua Lacrymarum*; that will ſtench
The wounds proud pomper'd Dames delight to make
On the poore ſoule of man, make him to quake:
Afeard to ſtand on that falſe *Rocke* of Ice
Idleneſſe, feeder of foule *Carnall* Vice.
Blacke errours cloud, *South Fog* which rotts the mind,
Leapours the ſoule, and is that *Northerne* winde
The cauſe of all ſinnes ſtormes, 'tis dangers floud,
Sinnes-ſurging Ocean, ſwelling in mans bloud.
O Soule alluring ſinne, me, me forſake,
I charge thee hence, by him that made Hell quake,
By that *Almighty One*, in ſacred *Trine*,
All holy ſpells and charmes *Magicke* divine,

Sifter

Sister of *Angells Virgins Chastitie,*
By that *Soule saving sacred* puritie,
Fly from me all base thoughts; be just mine eyes,
And be your selves, hate wantons witcheries.
The blessing of th' *Almighty*, Lord of Hoast,
The *Father*, the *Sonne*, and the *Holy Ghost*
Preserve, be with me, now and for ever when,
My soule is most distrest *Amen, Amen.*

THE

The Virgins Honour.

I, As a Child, that of it selfe can doe
Nothing, to sheild *Virginity* from woe,
Prostrate on bended *Knees* with teares I fall
Before thee *Lord*, O heare, oh thee I call.
Pittie me wretch, I that am in the prime
Heate of my youth; and the most dangrous tyme
Of all my life; beseech thy heavenly aide,
All holy helpes; Lord pitty me weake Maide.
Left like the silly fly about the Flame,
I scortch to Cinders; burne out my good name.
Quench, quench the flames of all lewd carnall Motions,
Inordinate desires, all loose affections.
Never let my soule be led away good Lord
By *Wanton Company*, that no good afford.

Waking

Waking or sleeping; O thou King of Kings,
Let the safe peaceful shaddow of thy wings
Be my *Eternall safetie*, lest the mines
Of *Golden Snares*, alter my chaste designes.
By day and night, *Lord let thy* gracious beames,
Disperse all wandring thoughts, all idle dreames!
My *Chastity*, is a more pretious Iewell
Then I can keepe; let me not then be cruell
To my owne soule; but, by the more that I,
In the great danger of *Temptation* lie,
So much the greater, let thy grace preserve
My *Virgin Honour*; and though I deserve
Thy *Vengeance*, indignation, and no favour,
Yet for thy Mercies sake, most sacred Saviour,
Be thou my Advocate, Lord make me free,
To sue in *forma pauperis* under thee,
Angelize thou my soule, to shunne the Tract
Of obscene speech; lew'd thought, and uncleane act.
To thee for ever make me reconcil'd,
In *Body*, and *Soule*, chast, holy, undefil'd.

And

And through the operation of thy grace,
To ſpit defiance in *ſinnes* uggly face.
" Pleaſures are poyſons to this ſoule of mine,
" Ther's no true joy on Earth, but what's divine.
What ſhall I doe? helpe Prince of *Paradiſe*,
I cannot ſtand, nor ſtirre for ſlip'ry *Vice*.
Quicken me Lord, enable me to pray:
Humble my Minde, my *Parents* to obey
In all their juſt commands; and at all times,
Patient to beare reproofes, confeſſe my crimes.
Ne're let me (Lord) be ſo depriv'd of grace,
To ſcuffle (like ſome) their Parents to their face.
Make me in ſtead of ſtubborne waies to grieve 'em,
(At their moſt need) ſtill able to relieve 'em.
Increaſe good Heav'n, the number of their dayes;
To ſpeake thy glory, and to ſing thy prayſe.
And if thy will e're call me to the ſtate
Of honorable wedlocke; let my *Mate*
Be ſuch a one (good God) with whom I may
Serve thee in peace; and never goe aſtray.

Ne're

Ne're let contention, nurs'd 'twixt *Man* and *Wife*,
Disturbe the *Quiet* of my married *life*.
Married or *Single*, let me ever be,
Fitted with *Prudence*, pleasing unto thee.
Make me to shunne (great God) sins dang'rous shelfe,
That I, a poore Tree, barren in my selfe
May Bud; and beare such fruits of Faith as may,
My soule emparadice at the *Judgement day*.

THE

The Single and Marrid Life.

SOme ſay, the ſingle life, is ſingle care,
Yet ſinne ſtill *Slaves* it vnder *Sathans* ſnare,
Soule-burning *Beauties-brav'ry*, witching folly,
Which mads th'intemprate Braine breeds melancholly,
Delight in dangrous Dice, Drabs, drinke, and Riot,
Sinne Theiſe-like robs, the ſingle life of quiet
Hinders the happie Soule from being wed
To *Vertues faire, Chaſt, Honeſt, Humble bed.*
O what a ſacred ſweetneſſe had it beene,
Had our firſt *Parents* purity ſhunn'd ſinne,
Marriage, that Rich Immaculate *Robe* of honour,
Had ne're beene tempted then to baſe diſhonour;
Luſt, that doth hourly ſlave the ſingle life,
And ſhunnes the ſweets of Wedlock, through baſe Rife.

Had

Had ne're become thought on then; all had gone well,
Soules ne're had cause to feare sinne, death nor hell.
Mariage was made for Man, ('tis a true Text)
For *honour*, not dishonour, to be vext
With deadly strife; adulter'ate fornication,
Vnruly *Lust*, sinne-causing-separation
(Hell to the Bed that's chast) turning the ease
Of wholsome *Marriage*, into a disease.
Wedlocks great weighty worke, craves sound advice,
Begg'd at the hands of Heav'n; lest cheating Vice,
Puts tricks on faire beleeving honesty,
To cloake Biggebellies prurient venery.
Marriage requires a solemne Meditation,
Trembling resolve, no sudaine affectation
Vnask't of Heav'n, the mari'd life must be,
Vnforc'd, Religious, faithfull, chast and free,
Else like *Feborams* Match will prove a curse,
Bad the beginning, but the end farre worse.
Learne wisedome by this Truth, be zealous,
Vse holy *Iobs* preservative; be jealous,

Thou

Thou that art *Maried* ore all thy waies,
Beauties alurement, *Natur's* ill spent dayes,
Thy trouble about *wealth*, greifes long and large,
Care still to get, *Childrens* continuall charge,
Losses by *Servants*, sinnes infinitie
Vnquietnesse of *Neighbours*; all do cry,
And cry alow; the married life to be,
Man's ent'rance into sad calamitie.

The Married life, I fitly may compare
To Heav'n or Hell, unto the Earth, or Ayre,
'Tis Heav'n where harmelesse *Turtle mates* agree,
But *Dismall Hell* where *Couples* faithlesse be,
Sweet like the dainty wholsome Ayre to sense,
Where Man and Wife consent, shunne rude offence.
But where deepe discord rules, and proud disdaine,
There, like the gaping *Tongue-tide Earth* for Raine
(Sun-burnt with sordid Actions, deeds unjust)
They parch to Cinders, fall away to dust:
'Tis sinnes just payment, whose reward is death,
The misery of life, and scourge of breath.

" Wisedome directs the married life to be,
" The peacefull *Embleme* of true Vnitie.
" Heav'n gives a blessing; makes that love divine
" Where *Man* and *Wife* content, draw in a Line:
" A *Wife*, obeying of her Husbands will,
" Ha's the rule over him, deserves no ill:
Love, is a *worthy Wife*, Times precious *woman*,
Lust a perfidious *Harlot*, true to no man.
" There is no joy on Earth that can transcend,
" A *Husband* and a *Wife*, kind to the end.
" The *carefull Husband's* honest gaines no doubt,
" Makes the *Good wife*, an honest layer out.
" A Vertuous Wife (free from all lewd expence)
" Is the Husbands joy, his Tower of defence;
" Thus speakes the Text, discretion in a Wife
" Makes fatt the Husbands bones, delights his life.

Teares

Teares Triumph.

WHat's Honour, Beauty, and the damaske skinne,
But Dirty drosse, ballanc'd with teares for sinne,
One trickling teare for sinne, gaines greater pleasure,
Then a whole *Ocean* of terrestriall treasure.
" Many can weepe, to counterfeits 'tis giuen,
" But to weepe truely, is the gift of Heav'n.
Mirrour of *Truth*, giue me the sacred Rules
Of diuine knowledge, to spend my dayes
In sighes, teares, prayers, that my poore soule may,
Mount to thy glory, at my latter day.
" Happy the man, whose teares adorne the place
" Where he do's pray, that's the true signe of grace.
" Teares ioyn'd with *Prayers*, are triumphant Twinnes,
" Soft waxe, hot Iron, to disburthen sinnes.

" Mingle thy Prayers with teares ; teares soules refresh,
" Kills all the wanton Motions of the flesh,
" Teares humble *Pride*, makes chast insatiate lust,
" *Malice* to Mercy turnes, turnes time unjust
" Detracting *Envie* into Noble pittie,
" Dull *Drunkards* to be temp'rate ; heavenly witty,
" Converts base *Avarice* from ill abuse,
" Of godlesse gaine, to charitable use,
" Teares, Physicks *Gluttony*, to live content
" With meane course fare ; makes mortalls penitent.
" Teares lengthens *yeares* ; to Man's last day teares give,
" Sufficient meanes to mentally to live,
God that beheld King *Hezekiah's* teares,
Prolong'd his dayes ; added full fifteene yeares.
Peter, that thrice denide his sacred Lord,
Teares gain'd his pardon without speaking word.
" O blessed *Teares* ; teares that for sinne arise,
" Are glorious *Pearles* ith' *Penitidaere* eyes.
Weepe for thy sinnes poore soule, 'tis Heav'ns advise,
Teares *Orient Pearles* purchase Paradise.

Shall

Shall ſuch Soule-pleading Pearles then I pray
Be flung to Swine? 'mong ſwine he caſt away?
Reſolve me thou whoſe conſcience never felt
A teare for ſinne; O let thy ſoule but melt
To penitent Pearles; then, then let it tell
The infinite difference, 'twixt Heav'n and Hell.
With, and without thoſe raviſhing teares; the one
Feeles joy, free pardon; but the other none!
Vnpittied plagues attend the ſcorneful eye
Ne're wet for ſinne; that's endleſſe miſery.
When on the adverſe part, where ſoules bewaile
Their wretched frailty, God du's never faile
To ſend releife; frees them from all annoy,
"Who ſowes in teares ſhall reape eternall joy.
Teares winnes the ſoule to God; (raiſes it up
From Earth to Heav'n) drinkes deepe of mercies Cup,
Applies health's Plaiſter to the firme ſicke pulſe,
"Teares with God, never ſuffer'd a repulſe.
Wee never weepe, never devoutly cry,
Ne're drop a teare for ſinne, but God ſtands by.

Puts all our *Teares* into his *Bottle*; looke
What saies the *Psalmist*? are they not in thy booke?
Thou tell'st my wand'rings (Lord) put thou my teares
Into thy bottle; fruſtrate ſinfull feares.
" Teares trembles Hell, pacifies Mortall ſtrife,
" Blotts all our ſinnes out of the booke of life,
Ile' cry, ſaies *David*, to the King of Kings,
Prevailing teares with God, performe all things;
God of the *Spirits* of all *Fleſh* that can,
Rectifie ſoules; looke on me wretched man,
As *Holy Paul* ne'r ceaſed for three yeares,
Night and day conſtantly to warne with teares
The Elders of *Miletum*, (them to free
From Sathans ſubtile temptings) ſo leerne,
Night and day (Lord) for ever, never ceaſe
With teares, to warne my warring fleſh to peace. (troule
" True teares winne *Heaven*, all impious thoughts con-
" Teares ſubdue Sinnes, make white the ſpotted ſoule,
" Perfumes the *Body*, mortifies leud ſence,
" Calmes *ſtormie cares*, and proves the quinteſſence

" To

" To all our quiet; no anguish, no contention
" Troubles true teares; want is ne'r thought upon
" Nor the worlds wide woe; where a blessed teare
" Is shed for sinne, it frights away all feare,
" Gently allayes Earths tempest's that arise
" Through times deceitfull riches; beauties Eyes,

Lachryma nunquam patitur repulsam.

« To all our quiet is turn'd, no contention
« Troubles arise, scarce is one thought upon
« Their wonted use, where delightful rose
« Used for fame, is fled away all there,
« Hardly allays [illegible]
« Through [illegible] ills, leaves [illegible]

[illegible]

THE

Mercies Miracle.

CHRIST
Setting forth
from's Celestiall
PALACE; Lodg'd in
the *Virgins* Wombe; From
that blest PLACE, To th' *Manger*
went; from *Manger* to the *Crosse*; From
Crosse departed (with his deare Blouds losse)
Vnto the SEPVLCHER; there made all ev'n,
And so return'd, Gloriously Home to HEAV'N.
To HEAV'N, from whence LORD let thy
SACRED FIRE, GLISTER upon
my SOVLE, whose sole Desire
Begges MERCIE for my
Sinnes, makes knowne to
THEE, THOV that
hast RAVISHT
ALL, hast
Ravisht
Me.

VVOnder, of *Angells*, O thou *Flaming Glory*,
Great *Mercies Miracle*, thy Sacred story

Shewes

Shewes thy ne'r-failing Love; it is thy love,
(Thou Lambe of God, celestiall Turtle-Dove,)
Thy over liberall love that does restraine
Sodomes just *Plague*, which thou mightst justly raine
In *blew flames*, *stormes* of *fire* to consume,
Burne up this sinfull world, and scorch the plume
Of mortalls Pride; soules wilfully misled,
Pamper'd with *chin-deepe Lust*, fullnesse of bread.
"Man is to *Man* a *Monster-hearted stone*,
"With *God* ther's mercy, but with *Man* ther's none.
God is the worlds miraculous *Creator*
Holy, just, mercifull, *Man's* glorious *Maker*.
God into hell, for Pride, the Divells hurld,
Gods Iustice drown'd, *Gods* mercy sav'd the world,
God is all Eye, he brings to open light,
The darkest deeds and secrets of the night,
Man's *bell-bread plots* against the Innocent,
God still contrives to'th *Authors* punishment.
God is all goodnesse, Greatnesse, deare delight,
His anger short, his mercy infinite.

Reade

Reade th'*Everlasting Bible*, there you'l finde
His all abundant Excellence inclin'd
To chide, then smile, long suffering, but sure,
First he beginnes to strike, and then to cure,
Drownes the rude world for impious sinne; and then
(Never to execute the like agen)
The *Raine-bowe* sends, as a most sacred signe
Of his ne'r failing mercy, love divine!
O *Mercy*, thy rich thought appeares to me,
Tymes *golden spurre*, to quicken and make free
Dull stupid spirits from their *Iade-like* pace,
Swiftly to runne Vertues celestiall race:
Haste soule to *heav'n*, and thinke when thou dost faint,
A stately *Pace* too solemne for a *Saint*.
Plough through the dusty *wayes*, the dirt and mire
Of foulest sinnes, temptations fiercest fire
For Mercies sake; *Mercy* makes blest the braine,
Curbs sinnes delight with contemplations Reine.
Mercies sweet thought, stands the soules sacred spell,
'Gainst all the *Thorny Passages* of hell.

Adam at firſt, the ſecond put to death,
The ſecond dying, gave us all new birth.
The Tree of good and bad, and Apple gay,
Brought to the world, to caſt us all away.
Yet the ſad *Tree* of *ſhame* bare fruit to ſave,
All that beleev'd from the infernall grave.
And as our *Parents* firſt notorious *Vice*,
Whipt them from out the joyes of *Paradice*,
So from mans crooked ſinfull waies unev'n
Chriſt *entertaines* us, readily to heaven.
Thinke what a raviſhing Act of love was there
Figur'd toth' life; thinke thinke, O Bleſſed, Deare,
Soule-ſaving *Saviour*, ſacred *Purity*,
Raviſh my ſoule to tell thy *Charity*,
Thou ſempeternall raviſhing Roſe-bud,
Who for our ſinnes was ſixe times dide in blood,
Text in ſuch *Tragick letters* as did ſhow
Men turn'd to Monſters; the great debt we owe
To his victorious ſufferings, that is
Mirrour of *Majeſtie*, mans only bliſſe.

Did

Did the forgetfull wretch consider when
Hell hast's him on, to some hot sinne, and then
Finds no way left to his desire free,
But by a narrow lane where he must see,
That never enough to be lamented losse,
Christ Iesus Tenterd on the bloody Crosse,
God on the *Racke* for our spirituall good
His limbs all *o're*, a Character of blood,
All wounded, and now bleeding, crying out,
O thou that bearst', the *Christian* stampe about
Thy flesh and blood; behold my blood braine,
Was ever griefe like mine? sicke soule refraine,
Reade in my wounded side thy backe returne,
Thy sordid sinnes repulse; let thy soule mourne
In showers of sorrow; and to hells disgrace,
Reade sinnes dislike in my *storme beaten face.*
Vnbosome *Vice*; cast from thy soule sinnes evill,
And with my *Christum est*, silence the divell.
Can carelesse *Christians* beare the thoughts of this
Mercies *Memento*, in their mindes amisse?

No

No sure; no hellish *heart* so prone to sinne,
But the rich thought of such rare love must winne
Mans soule to God; and with right admiration,
(Fixt firme and often on our *Saviours* passion)
Force him to hate the sinne he lik'e so well,
And with a loathing kick, send it to hell.
Mercie's *remembrance* like a *Curious Lute*,
Renders most excellent *Musicke*, heavenly fruite,
Points out the weary soule the way to Grace,
And spurs us on to the *Celestiall* race.
Invites the penitent minde o're clogg'd with care,
To *Heavenly extasie spirituall* fare.
Mercifull God, turne thou man's vaine desire
To feare and trembling; let a zealous fire
Flame in the soules of men; let each proud eye,
Humbl'd with teares, admire thy Majestie,
Backward, and forward looke, calling to mind,
Those multitudes of *Mercies* mortall kind,
Day, Night, Tyme, Tyde, miraculously given,
By thy *All-sacred* hand, Great God of heav'n.

As

As the young Bird then, that do's never ceaſe,
Op'ning the *Mouth*, untill the Damme releaſe
And cures the want it ſuffers; ſo ſhould wee
With vnlockt lipps, ſtill pray, that God would free
Our ſoules from ſinne, O 'tis a bleſſed taske,
God ne'r leaves giving, 'till we leave to aske.

Deimiſericordia, plenitudo eſt virtutum.

THE

As the young Bird then, that do's never cease,
Op'ning the Mouth, until the Damme release
And cures the want it suffers; so should wee
With unlock lipps, still pray, that God would free
Our soules from sinne, O 'tis a lofted taske,
And ask leaves giving, 'till we leave to aske.

Proximi sceleris, proximus est virtutem.

THE

FAITH.

Nail'd to the Crosse, there Christ, lost soules to winne,
Suffer'd the world's huge pond'rous weight of sinne,
Insulting *Foes* reproach, mocks, scoffings, scorne,
His sinewes to bee Rackt, his Body torne; A
kisse betray'd him, and a perjur'd lie, Was
the reward for all his Puritie. Heav'ns
wrath, Hells rage, on *Christ* all tor-
ments fell, To save our Soules,
from those blew flames in
Hell. Christ's whole
life was a Martyr-
dome & Crosse,
Active and
Passive,
and
his
deare
Bloud's
losse,
The
Tragick
part; the
bloudy Sceane
which none But He
himselfe must Act, and
act alone: Christ's Pati-
ence, Death And Devills force did
quell, He tooke the great Leviathan of hell
With the Hook of his Crosse, made him his slave,
Captiv'd the DEVILL, and subdu'd the Grave.

FAITH.

FAith makes unſeene things ſeene, *Faiths* ſacred eye
Vn-viſors *Prides* painted hypocriſie.
A reſolute *Faith* forc'd *Abrah* to conſent
To butcher his beloved; to contente
His *Mighty Maker*; Faith has ever beene,
The perfect Evidence, of things unſeene.
Jacob by Faith obtain'd his full deſire,
Faith ſtopt the *Lyons Mouthes*, Faith quenches fire,
Enoch by *Faith* from ſence of vitall breath,
Tranſlated was, that he ſhould ne'r ſee death.
Faith made *Eliah* to call downe from heaven
Conſuming flames, to burne accurſed men!
Iſraels great *Captaine* by his *Faith* did part
Egypts Red-Sea, went through with joyfull heart.
Ioſua by Faith, on *Gibeon* did command
The golden *Taper* of the *Sunne* to ſtand
Still; while he fought the *Battell* of the Lord,
Faith comes by hearing the All-mighties word.
Women receiv'd their dead rais'd up to life,
Faith conquer'd Kingomes, and ſubdues all ſtrife.

Like a safe winde, which to the Sea-man sings,
Comfort in midst of all sad cares, *Faith* brings,
And breathes into our soules, Truths gentle gale
(Salvations sweet relieſe,) to fill the saile
Of Man's *ſtorme-beaten veſſell*; keepes it ev'n,
So sends it home in peace to th' land of heav'n.
Faith cloathes the *Soule* in a divine attire,
To passe unscorcht, through *Famine, ſword, and fire*,
His body feeles no paine by fire, or sword,
Whose *Faith*, is in the bosome of the Lord.
Faith is Saint *Peeters* walking on the water,
Hope lent him helpe, and *Love* was his supporter.

Fides, Signum Chriſtianorum.

Hope

HOPE.

Hope followes Faith; when Man is moſt oppreſt, Ready for hell, Hope to the Soule gives reſt. Hope in the Lord, be ſtrong the Pſalmiſt ſaith, Hope ſtrengthens, comforts and confirms thy faith. Hope is Faiths daughter, Heav'ns holy Handmaid ſtill, To over-rule unruly deſp'rate will From doing damned violence, which may, beget the ſoules Eternall caſtaway. In midſt of helliſh croſſes, ſtormes & ſtrife, Hope muſt our Pilot be to a good life Our Anchor, Cable: give it then free ſcope, The ſweet's of Grace, are reliſhed by hope: O my dull ſpirit, rowze thee, ſit nor ſtill pond'ring on thy poore Meanes, though it be ill, Be thankfull; thanke thy God, and bee not hurl'd To damn'd deſpaire, by th' malice of the world. Good luck may goe away, but good hope yet, Will never leave us, if we leave not it.

HOPE.

Hope
follows
Lastly, when
Man is most

ARe we ſo blind, ſo ſotted by the Devill
To receive good at Gods hands; and not evill?
With equall thankes? have we for ſinne deſerv'd
Leaſt good, no? rather worthy to be ſterv'd.
Want threats revenge; men's ſtates muſt needs decline,
When men againſt the will of heav'n repine.
Hope cleares *Nights ſtormes*, calmes the *tempeſtuous* day:
Afflicted, or not afflicted, let us pray,
Deſpaire not, nor repine; let *Vertues* ſcope
In midſt of ſorrowes, pearch thy ſoule on Hope.
Dare Man deſpaire to live the life of *Caine*
And die the death of *Iudas*; merit paine,
The Damned feele in hell? good heav'n defend
Diſquietted ſoules from ſuch a dreadfull end.
We all are ſav'd by *Hope*; if in true ſence
We hope for Heav'ns Eternall Excellence:
Hope's like the *Fiſher-man's Corke*, deſpaire the lead,
Whoſe pond'rous weight no ſooner being ſpread,

But

But it beginnes to sinke; so man in sinne,
Did not hope lift him up still by the Chinne.
Yet neither Faith, nor Hope can ever subsist,
Wanting sweete Charity; she is the list
That comprehends, and is the life of grace,
Love pities still the poore, seekes the Lords Face,

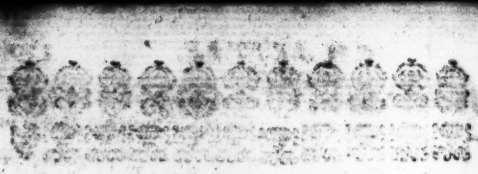
Spes mea Christo.

CHA-

CHARITIE.

Charitie and Pride,
both feede the poore, in the
Den. Charitie to praiſe God, Pride
to get praiſe of men: True *Charitie* in midſt
of dangers winnes Safety: ſhee covers multi-
tudes of ſins. Love is the Chaine of Grace, love
without ſpot, which ties all *Vertues*, in Loves
true-love knot, Three thouſand Soules, the
heav'nly weeper gain'd conſtant till death,
by *Charity* obtain'd: Not words, but
good works, muſt man's Faith approve,
Charitie, ever is the life of love, Pati-
ence Houſe-keeper, rich & boun-
tiful, No Grimfac'd grumbling
giver ſlothfull: Deale li-
berally thine Almes, chear-
full Almes-giving, in-
creaſe Mens ſtates,
decreaſes no
man's li-
ving.

True



CHARITIE.

TRue Love ne'r *Enuies* this, nor that Man's good,
The low descent, nor High-borne Noble blood,
Ne're makes hot boast of giving, never braggs,
Nor seeks revenge by *Hell-affected* Raggs,
Surpassing this, or that proud neighbours state,
(Causes of mischeife, malice, and much hate,)
But is all excellent sweetnesse, noble pitty.
Faire *Honours* soule, cloath'd in humility!
What *Eye* on Earth sheads for his sinne a teare?
What *Eare* delights *Heav'nly Holy Word* to heare?
What *Tongue* triumphs to speake th' Almight's praise?
What *Heart* affected stands to holy waies?
Wer't not for *Charity*, she is the Queene,
In whom all *Graces* of the soule are seene!
Propheſies shall faile, Tongues cease, & knowledge vanish
But Charity never; she from soules can banish
Luſt, *Avarice* and *Pride*, with all the Rabble
Of sinnes, which make *Men* truely miserable.
"O, when we want the gift of Charitie
"We all are subject to impietie.

"S.

" The Devill laies his stumbling blocks within
" Our waies of wickednesse, our daies of sinne,
" Lures us to strumpets, such as *Sampson* tride,
" To mighty *Nabuchadnezers* swolne pride,
" Like *Achan*, and *Gehezi*, daily He,
" Tempes Man, to covetuous Idolatrie;
Snares soules to *Envie* like accursed *Caine*,
To *Herods* Selfe-love, *Nabels* churlish vaine
Sinne heapt on sinne, all those blacke soules to stifle,
That thinke Adult'rie, sweet, true love a trifle,
If rich, Heav'n wills us from our plenteous store,
To yeeld *Truths* cheerefull succour to the poore,
And that by sundry *Statutes* God commands,
Vpon the forfeiture of life and Lands,
Confirming still, the poore man to have part
In the Rich man's Estate; if any heart
Dares doubt this *Truth*, the Scripture must denie,
" None but an *Atheist* wrongs that pietie!
What a large extreame folly 'tis to see
Man (like the *Wolfe* for prey) how earnestly,

He

He hunts for meanes; as if the onely homle,
Of ſoule and body did conſiſt in monie, Wealth,
Meate, drinke, and cloathes; Men ſicke, ſtill pray for
Readie to be undone, for paltry wealth,
Freedome and ſafety, and with ſhameleſſe faces,
Forget to begg of *God* ſpirituall Graces.
Many men, pray but he the glory winnes,
That prayes to be diſburthen'd of his ſinnes,
And viewes the poore Mans labour with the eye,
Of ſweet reliefe; thet's noble Charitie!
The heart of ſuch a man may ſometimes ſhrinke
Vnder temptations weight, but never ſinke.
"God makes man here Lord ſteward of that ſtore
"He deales ſo cheatefully among the poore,
"Gives him the Grace to thinke, when to his ſight
A poore wretch comes to begge of him a mite,
He might have beene that begger, his eſtate
Transferr'd on him, and begging at his gate,
Or in the ſtreete in Ragges, oppreſt with griefe
Glad to beſeech him for ſome poore reliefe:

Wealth's

Wealth's the worlds Witch, desir'd of most, all know it,
Yet I have read, wise *Cebetis* a poore *Poet*,
And his Wife *Procula*, they knew it was
Farre greater happinesse, their dayes to passe
After long *life* unto a quiet end,
Then change their poorenesse, proudly to ascend
King *Ninus Throne*; be wonder'd at and seene
T'out shine *Semyramis*; wealths wicked Queene.
Thus *Heathens* learne us *Christians* what to doe,
Greedy desire of wealth, workes endlesse woe!
As wise *Ulysses* serv'd his *Syren* Witches,
Passe-by the worlds pelfe; seeke celestiall Riches,
"Be rich or poore, unlesse a beast thou be,
"Seeke Heav'nly wealth, or ne're looke heav'n to see.
Man backward goes, takes all the care he can,
Not to be godly first, but a rich man,
Takes care for health, long life, Physicks the blood
But last of all, least care, to become good.
Cleane opposite to the faire rule of *Truth*,
Truth instructs crooked Age, and stiffe-neckt youth.

First

First to ſeeke Godlineſſe, Riches and health
Will follow next; godlineſſe is great wealth.
What though the world frowne, muſt we ſtraight repine,
Has not Heav'n ſent us reaſon to define
Twixt good and evill? ought not thou and I,
Ev'ry one ſtrive to live contentedly
With our eſtates? certaine it ſhould be ſo,
Did not *ſinne* blind us, did we but truly know,
That which the world ſo ſcoffes at, *Poverty*
God onely ſends to trie our honeſtie,
Or diſhoneſtie; poverty is ſent
" For Vertues triall; Vices puniſhment:
He that in peace enjoyes the quiet calmes
Of flouriſhing plenty; yet gives no Almes,
But like *inſatiate Hell* greedy of more,
Belies his wealthy ſtate to rob the poore
Of their juſt Intreſt, diſabling himſelfe
(Baſe miſer like) to ſave his dirty pelfe,
Such falſhood, cries for flaming vengeance ſtill
To perſecute a Wretch ſo vile, ſo ill.

'Tis

'Tis not the *Rich*, nor *Poore* I mis-praise or crosse,
Where want of *Charity* speakes Man's abuse.
Dost thou want Names to give, *Truth* is thy friend,
Truth at all times instructs thee to extend
Thy Alms in libb'rall manner, not to pine
In parting with thy pence, for love divine.
Admitt thou art unable to disburse
Least peece of Coine, yet let thy empty purse,
Be full expresst in a Compassionate groune,
A sigh, a prayer for him that makes his moane,
And in the Holy Name of the most High,
Beggs some relefe to succour penurie.
God ever stands, more on the givers mind,
Then the gift given; If God but truely find
A cup of water, (in his sacred name)
Given to the poore, God gratifies the same.
" The Widdowes *Mite*, one *Farthing* pleased more
" The Lord of Heav'n, then all the *Rich Man's* store.
" There is no *Percept Constant* without love,
" Nor no love perfect but from Heav'n above.

Witnesse

Witneſſe *Truths* ſacred *Text*; *Heav'ns* love to *Man*
Amply expreſt in the poore *Publican*.
His humble Eyes, ſighes, cries, and bruiſed breaſt,
Forc'd ope the *Gates* of *Mercy*, gave him reſt.
With Spittle, Clay, leaſt word that did proceed
From *Mercies* never failing *Maſter* freed
The Blind, the Lame, the Sicke, the Dead from grave,
Heav'ns *All-Commanding Maker* all can ſave;
O let us then in holy love betake us
To Chriſtian Charity; Now good God make us
Gratiouſly willing, for thy owne ſweet ſake
(That ſuffer'd on the Croſſe; made hell to quake)
Faſhion our wills to thine, Lord, make us know
It is our *ſinnes*, our *ſinnes* makes God our *Foe*.

Vbi Charitas non eſt Caritas.

B
leſt
Bleſt,
O Bleſt,
VERTVES Be that Di- PYRAMID.
vinity, Three
Sacred Perſons
GOD in Vnitie,
WHOSE glorious
Raviſhing Reſurrection,
Reſtor'd us (loſt) to Grace,
Oh PERFCTION! Puri fie
thou my Soule, my Heart, my
Minde: Snatch me from Earth,
to Heav'n make me inclin'd, Wholly
to Thee, (All worldly Pompe deſpiſing)
Fixe my THOVGHTS ever,
On thy Bleſſed RISING:
Give MEE A Sempe-
ternall Reve-
rence,
To
Thy
All-glo-
rious high
Omnipo-
tence. I
that
am
clog'd with ſin, and wretchedneſſe,
(Deſp'rate thoughts hunting after Worldli-
neſſe;) Thy bleſt Protection crave, cleare the
great ſcore, Of all my foule miſdeeds, that I no
more ſo great a ſinner proove; Lord let my ſtrife,
Againſt my ſinnes, Raiſe mee from Death to life.
And from the Foote of uggly ſinnes diſgrace, Mount,
mount, my SOVLE, to th'Pyramid of GRACE.

Chaſtitie and Luſt.

Lewd ſpeech ſtrikes bluſhes in a *Virgins* face,
Chaſtity is ever the *Zeale* of grace,
Staffe of *Devotion*, *Enemy* to Luſt,
In death true comfort; the *Marke* of the *Juſt*.
Siſter of *Angells*, and the *Virgin Tie*
Which cleaves to God, gaines ſweete Eternity.
When *Luſt* with all her paint, Curles, purles, & pride
(Swelling in pompe) is but a naſtie Hide
A moſt infectious foe; foe to the *Purſe*,
Foe to the *Perſon*, and which makes it worſe,
The *Conſcience corroſive*, confounding witt,
The minds *Canker*, ſoules burning *Feaver* fitt.
Mong all enticemeuts, pleaſures quaffing Boule,
All the ſharpe *combats* of a *Chriſtian* ſoule,

None feircer then the warrs of a Chaſt mind,
Ther's a continuall *Fight*; which good Men find
Never ſubdu'd without wet eies, true care,
In praying; Why? the victory is rare.
Chaſtities ſtill, in danger 'mong delights,
As *Truth* in much talke; Souldiers in fierce fights.
The walls of *Chaſtity* once batter'd downe,
Maides looſe their *Honour*, Vertues rich renowne.
O *Luſt*, what's thy delight? thy full fruition
Of Pleaſure; but the Path way to Perdition,
Scandall, diſhonour, foule reproach and ſhame,
Will blaſt thy being, blot out thy good name.
"O happie is that Man, happie the Maide
"That's Chaſt; cleare conſciences are ne'r afraid
Of Iudgement, Death, and hell, no ſad affright,
Tortures the mind that's chaſt; ther's true delight.
Witneſſe the two-fold feare that do's belong
To Chaſtity and Luſt; feare to doe wrong
And grieve her Husband, is the chaſt wifes part,
She feares her ſlack of Love; leſt he depart,

Gives

Gives no croſſe words, no angry lookes nor ſowre,
Nor do's ſhe ſeeme to lumpe, to powte, to lowre.
She feares t'offend her husband, ſhunnes all ſtrife
To gaine his Preſence; which ſhe loves 'bove life.
But the lewd Harlot, when her Mate's from home,
Feare makes her wiſh, that he might never come.
Leſt his approach unlook't for terrifie,
And catch her in her baſe Adultery. (doore,
Shee's fill'd with feare, doubts, ſtarts leaſt creeke o'th
O 'tis a dreadfull ſinne to be a Whore.
Beauty in the Face, and Luſt within the heart
Kills Soule and Body, ruines ev'ry part:
Strike me Eternall Eſſence with the dart
Of Saint-like Chaſtitie; give me a heart
Of fleſh; ſo chaſtly pleaſing, that poore I
May live in Chaſtity; a chaſt ſoule die.

Midnights-Meditation.

VVHen I contemplate Heav'n, and take no care
For worldly vanities; then my ſoule how farre,
How amorouſly faire thou art; deſtroying ſinnes,
& *Man's* a rich *Monarch*; then true joy beginnes,
Never till then; never did any fight
'Gainſt ſinne, but gain'd unſpeakeable delight.
This, when I thinke upon, and practiſe too,
Heav'n is in my eye, want nor the worſt of woe
Diſtracts my ſenſes; but when I roote my mind
On this rude world, Vertue is ſoone ſtrooke blind,
Witt, reaſon, all my ſenſes are confounded,
Devills aſſault my fleſh, my ſoule is wounded.
Save me, O ſave me Lord, thy worthleſſe Creature;
Pittie the weakeneſſe of my Mortall nature.

Forgive

Forgive all forfeitures my ſinnes have made,
Vowes, Promiſes, proteſtations never paid.
I promis'd ſtill to mend, to turne mine eyes
From ſinfull waies; yet Heav'n knowes all were lies.
Shame to my ſoule; how dare I then looke up,
Expect leaſt ſolace from ſweete Mercies Cup?
O I am angry, vext to th' very heart,
I act not thy will Lord, but mine owne part.
A ſinfull Tragicke Part which will deface
My ſoule; helpe Heav'n; ſend thy reſtraining Grace.
One Drop of *Grace Celeſtiall* can refreſh
A fainting ſoule; cleanſe Lord my corrupt fleſh.
Vn-ſtorme ſinnes ſulphurous ſtorme; I burne I fry,
Like the impatient *Fiſh*, which violently
(Scorch't to the quick) it's raging heate to tame,
Leaps from the Pan, into the burning flame.
Such is the flaming Torture I endure,
Scorcht for my ſinnes, where ſhall I fly for cure.
"*Want* is a *Mis'rie*, much Wealth a trouble,
"*Honour* a *burthen*; Beautie but a *bubble*.

Pleaſure

" *Pleaſure* a *ſhadow*, *advancement dangerous*
" *Friendſhip* a *falſe Winde*, and diſgrace odious.
This world of ſinne *circles* my braine with ſnares;
A *thouſand* diſtractions, *Millions* of cares,
Beates on the *Anvile* of my poore weake head,
(To ruine ſenſe) to ſtrike all good thoughts dead;
Oft muſing on the *Worlds Witch*-pleaſing pelfe,
I thus beginne to argue with my ſelfe,
Why might not I be *Rich*? tuſh, God do's ſee,
This meane eſtate of mine fitter for me.
Then I collect my *Spirits*, praiſe that God
Which keepes me ſtill unſcourg'd, reſtraines the Rod
Of his juſt *Vengeance*, that might juſtly fall
On me, and mine; in Iuſtice ruine all:
" Had I the *Worlds* poſſeſſion in my hand,
All *Potentates* on *Earth* at my command,
What then? I then, ſubject to all entices,
Might fill my *little-world*, with *World* of *Vices*.
It is enough I live, and 'tis too much
That I am fed, or cloathed, if I grutch.

My

My daies of sinne encrease, wax worse and worse;
Whither? O whither shall I direct my course?
Downe, downe foule flesh, (great God) my selfe I blame,
I aske thy pardon, asking in his name
That is my *Life*, the *Light*, the *Way*, the *Word*,
Mercy and *Truth*; faire *Truth* which do's afford
Mercy to all; onely prescribes this taske,
That whatsoever *Mortall soules* do aske
The *Father* in his *Name* it shall be done,
To glorifie the Father, in the Sonne.
O infinite sweetnesse; O Immortall love,
Thou God the Father, that dost rule above
The *Highest Heav'ns*; Thee in the blessed Name
Of *Jesus Christ*, (*Theanthropos*) that came
To save beleeving soules, I aske, implore,
Pardon, O pardon; out with sinnes rotten core
Rooted too neare my heart; whisper thy feare
Into my soule; let me not onely heare
Thy sacred word, but (in the practicke part)
Make perfect use of it; nere let me start

From

From thee my God, let ſad Teares from mine eyes,
And ſighes from my heart expreſſe my grievancies.
Though I fall foule and fearefully each day,
Lord let me not fall finally away.
And I if needs muſt fall, let my fall be,
From death to life, from ſinne to ſanctity.

Amor Dei, amorem Deo parit.

VV

Gave di
Which
This w
Had so
(Much
At the
In whi
Peccair
Written
Workt
That ſt

The Divine Dreame.

VVOrme that I am; O how ſhall I begin
To praiſe that God, that in my ſleepe 'gainſt ſin
Gave divine warnings; ſent truths ſacred ſcrole
Which to and fro, hovring i'th' Ayre, did role
This way, and that; at laſt, as if Heav'ns will
Had ſo decreed; the waving ſcrole ſtood ſtill,
(Much like the *golden Taper* of the *Sun*
At the command of *Man*; the ſonne Nun)
In which me thouht I read, and read it ore,
Peccair no majs; that is, ſinne no more
Written in Spaniſh; this ſeeming ſight ſo ſtrange,
Workt in my dreaming ſpirit ſuch a change
That ſtartling from my drowſie ſleepe I cride

To

To heav'n; thus instantly with *Teares* repli'd
O sacred Saviour, humbly I implore,
Give me the spirit of *Grace* to sinne no more.
For I am blind; sinne *clouds* my *sence* of seeing
Thy *good*, my *ill*; I'me *Natures* brittle being,
Vext to the soule; so infinitely oppreſt
With sighes and groanes, they cannot be expreſt.
What shall I doe? great Natures miracle,
Thou onely *wise God*, *Heav'ns* firme *Oracle*,
Fashion me to thy will; rip out with the core
Of sinne in me; that I may sinne no more.
Say to my soule, leſt I in soule deſpaire,
"Thy grace sufficient is; Cure Lord my care.
"Speake but the word (as the *Centurion* said)
"Thy servant shall he heal'd; Lord be my aid.
"No *Rod* so sharpe, nor no *diſeaſe* so sore,
"But thy good *Grace* can cure, to sinne no more.
Thou Lord by holy Text confirm'd doſt say,

I

I am the Lord that heales ; I *Ropeca* :
" Thou God the true Phiſitian art that can,
" Be mine, Lord be ſo ; pitty me weake man.
God my *Phyſitian*, and his *Grace* the *Phyſicke*
I muſt not, will not, cannot be *ſin-ſicke*.

Nomo læditur niſi a ſeipſo.

M THE

THE DIVINE ECCHO, BETWEENE THE GOOD ANGELL, Man in deſpaire, And the DEVILL.

Man.

DEath to my *Soule*, how long muſt I in vaine
Heav'ns comfort crave? yet endleſſely remaine.
Fetter'd in ſinne? breake *Heart*, give death free ſcope
And muſt I then deſpaire? is there no hope?

Angell

Hope.

Man.

What Soule affected ſpirit to mine Eare
Eccho's ſome ſweet releife? can hope come neare

Sinnes *shackl'd Slave* from whom all *Vertues* gon?
What's to be Hop'd for? when all hopes are done?

Angell.

Pardon.

Man.

How; *Pardon*, can *Pardon* raiſe a wretch,
Times reprobate like me? I that can fetch
Nor ſigh, nor teare, ſinnes furie to abate,
Can *Heav'n* free ſuch a *Soule*? ſo deſolate?

Devill.

Too late.

Man.

Too late indeede; my *Sinnes ſicke ſtonie* heart,
Traytor to *Truth*; *Acts* the *Tragedian's* Part
Of ill ſo well; I know not what to doe,
Frights, terrours, broken ſleepes, all ſpeake my woe,
Yet *Holy Writ* tells me, 'tis better ever,
Late to repent, then to repent me never.

Devill.

Never.

Man.

O my horrour (never) thou deadly accent,
Art thou from Heav'n or Hells curs'd dungeon sent
Must my despairing thoughts for ever bend
To Hellish Actions? shall I ne'r amend?

Angell.

Amend.

Man.

Amend I cannot, guifts of *Grace* I lacke
Like him that weares *Heav'ns Livery* on's backe
Hells favour in his bosom; wretched I
Will *Fate* afford no present remedie!

Devill.

Die.

Man.

My soule must then miscarrie and be damn'd.

Devill.

Be damn'd.

Man.

Is that the onely solace, all the pitty
Sterne *Fate* affords poore Man in misery?

Devill.

I.

Man.

Was my *Creation* in the *Wombe* of woe
Ordain'd for *Hell?* no otherwise then so,

Devill.

So.

Man.

Die then I must; and will, appoint me where.

Devill.

Here.

Man.

So quicke: O true *Physition*, for to die
I hold it best; and so sinke suddenly.
Here in this Desart then, where no eye sees,
Expresse the meanes to die among these Trees.

Devill.

Devill.

These *Trees.*

Man.

If mong these *Trees* appoint to me an *Altar?*

Devill.

An *Halter.*

Man.

To be hang'd is base, better to drowne my selfe,

Devill.

Do, drowne thy selfe.

Man.

No no, I will not die so like a *Rat*,
A *Cicken*, or a *Mouse*, a *Dog*, a *Cat*,
But like the desp'rate *Statesman* I will be
Made nothing by a *Dramme*; poyson to me
Is precious balme; I will die by poyson.

Devill

I, poyson.

Man.

'Tis the true death, beſt Cure 'gainſt diſcontent
The *Noble-Mans* conſumption; my intent
Huggs the conceit; And yet my ſoule to ſlay
By touch or taſt, is no true Roman way
Canſt thou not change thy word?

Devill.

Thy ſword.

Man.

Shall my *Sword* then ſet free from all the ſtrife
Of Worldly woes? this mockery of life?
Can my ſword ſoone quit me from out this ſtraight?

Devill.

Straight.

Man.

I tiſle time; come forth thou maine ſole good;
Thou cure to all my cares; ſweete *ſword* in blood
I'le drowne thy friendly *Blade*; tis the beſt Part
Thou ere canſt *Act*, to cleave thy Maſters heart.

Fly ſoule to *Ayre*, *Flame*, *Duſt*, I know not where,
Earth, ſerve thou me for *Coffin* and for *Beere*,

Angell.

Forbeare.

Man.

Who bids forbeare? what Potent power commands
My ſoule to live? my ſword and trembling hand
To ſtop their bloudy courſe? is it in Fate
To alter Mans intent before too late,
Turning ſwift miſchiefe to that ſudden ſtay
Whom death but ev'n now would make her Prey?

Angell.

Pray.

Man.

Pray, unto whom? my *ſoule* is in a miſt,
See ſee, me thinkes the *Everlaſting* Fiſt
Of *Heav'n* is ſtretcht, waving the *Crowne* of grace
Over my *Curſed* head, *Soule*, ſinfull Face.
Ayme accurſt; I doe deſerve the Rod

Of

Of *Vengeance*, makes the people pray to God
For the least drop of *Mercy*. No I must
Not dare to pray to him, for he is just.

Angell.

Just.

Man.

And by his *Iustice*, my impietie
Merits *Eternall endlesse* miserie,
Sinnes just reward; O teach me yet the way
Thou *Divine Ecchо*; to what place to pray,
From whence implored mercy may be giv'n,
To cleare my sinnes great score, and make all ev'n.

Angell.

Heav'n.

Man.

What words will best be fit, and not betray me,

Angell.

Aye-mee.

Man.

Despaire deteines me backe, commands me say
I have no *Will*; no *Minde*, no *heart* to pray

What

What ſhall I doe? my ſoule is in a *Feaver*
And in that word deſpaire I ſhall end ever.

Angell

Endeavour.

Man.

O ſacred ſweetneſſe, true *Celeſtiall* witt,
Thou ſumme of ſweetnes ſtampt in ſacred writ,
Endeavour, yes, ſinnes ſtrife is the beſt play,
My ſoule can *All*; God *give*, *heav'n* I obey.

Angell.

Obey.

Cum humi limus, cur non humilimus.

Death

What shall I doe? my Soule is in a Feaver
And in that word delpaire I shall end ever.

Angell.

Endeavour.

Man.

O sacred Sweetnesse, true Celestiall wit,
Thou flumme of Sweetnes flamps in sacred writ,
Endeavour? three sillie is the best play,
My Soule can it? God give, heav'n I obey.

Angell.

Obey.

Cura nunci livius, cur non humiliamur.

Deaths Maſqueing Night.

AS mighty Kings in glorious *Maſques* delight,
Death, (*Times Grand-Maſquer*) hath his maſqueing Night.
In evr'y *Pallace*, ev'ry *Nooke* Death ranges
Death takes his root from ſinne, Hee's full of changes.
With ſolemne *Pace* unſeene, *Death* dos advance
His *Sable ſhaft*, to lead the *World* a dance.
Through *Courts*, though *Armyes*, the *worlds wide Hall*,
Controul'd of none, Death is the end of all.
Wher's then the Mighty Monarch? wher's the glory
Of all his *Court* & *State*, *Maſques*, *joyes* tradſitory?
Beauties bright *Earth-Bred-Starr* whoſe ſparkling eye
Shoots quivers of *Love-ſhafts* at *Rich* Majeſtie.

Death

Death shall deface, and in the bed of night,
Yeild farre more cause of terrour, then delight.
Wher's then the, wanton glance that seem'd to skip
From this *Great Lord* to that *Great Ladies* lap?
The *nymble, Sprightly, Cap'ring, Courtier* then
Forgotten lies; there is no dancing when
Devouring Death, stabs with his sable shaft,
Vaine is the power of *Art*; all mundane craft.
The deepe Physitians skill, flatt'ring discourse
Of health; Death soone, turnes to a dismall course.
Wher's then? the mighty Madams flareing 'Pride?
Oyles, Powders, Paintings? all are laid aside.
Gold glitt'ring *Glory, Cloath* of *Silver silke,*
Forgetfull Feasts, their sinfull *Baths* of Milke
(When many a poore soule sterves, wanting the food)
Of their superfluous out-side) pamper'd blood
Curles, Purles, Purfumes, Court complements, visites,
Plot-stirring *Dishes,* soule bewitching Minuts,
All *Pompe* on *Earth,* ambitious mad desires,
Revells and *Lust-burnt Midnights* unchast fires.

All

All are hush'then; Beggers and Kings, all must,
Take a poore lodging in a bed of dust.
Death is a dreadfull Antimasque, 'twill fright
The worlds Grand Masquer in his full delight!
Figures and *Footings*, practiz'd to intrance
Spectators *Eyes*, Deaths interposing *Dance*,
Dissolves to darkenesse, in a moments space
Ruines proud *Pompe*; makes pale th'aluing Face
Sparkling in *Beauty*; deads the hot desire
Of *Naked Brests*; Death tames Lusts raging fire,
Wounds without dread or dalliance; Death will strike,
Sou'raignes and subjects, all are to him alike.
To Rich and Poore those that doe ill, or well,
Death is the *Path*, either to *Heav'n*, or Hell.
Deaths dread appearance evermore makes glad
The good; but proves a terrour to the bad.
Disjoynts the ablest limbs; Death trembles Pride,
Extincts *State-Glories* will not be denide
Death is an *Archer*, Man the *Marke* to shoot at.
Fly where thou wilt, *East*, *West*, this way, or that,

Death

Death followes like a *ſhaddow*, ſhoot he will,
Drawes ſure and home; Death never failes to kill
And yet, none truely mindes it; though we know
Time ſhall decay, we cannot feede nor goe
Nor promiſe life a Minute, men paſſe to bed,
But ignorant are to riſe, alive or dead.
Death by a thouſand accidents do's meet
Health, *Wealth*, and Beauty, ſtabs 'em in the ſtreet.
He that leaſt dreames of death, ſome falling Tyle
Timber, or Stone, doth ſuddenly beguile
Him of his life; yea oft, when Man refraines
And ſeekes to ſhunne it, daſhes out his braines,
This learnes us *Mortalls*, during vitall breath,
With humble *ſoule* to meditate on Death.
The thought of Death aright, prevents the evill
Of *Hells Night* Theife, & the worlds Noone-day Devill
Death's deepe remembr'ance rightly underſtood
Strikes dead delights, lures the lewd mind to good.
Wafts the *ſinne weary ſoule* to thinke upon
Her ill paſt life, preſent affliction.

O *ſinne-ſicke-ſinfull Man*, feare to doe ill
Tremble proud *Heart*, croſſe not thy Makers will,
Thinke on thy end; thinke on the *Day* of *Doome*,
The paines of Hell; *Deaths-Maſqueing Night* wil come
Not in the Pompe of Princely merriment,
But the dread fall of ſoules impenitent,
Ingratefull *Soules* to *God*; ſoules that dare ſit
I'th ſcorners ſeate truſting to wicked wit
More then their Makers wiſedome; their conceit
Aimes not at Heav'n, but to be worldly great.
Pride is their *zeale*, theie Prayers forgetfulneſſe,
Charity *Contempt*, their *Virtue* wanconneſſe,
Plump high fed *Pamper'd Fleſh* on whom muſt waite
Page, *Pander*, *Paraſite*, preparation, ſtate,
Gold glitt'ring glory, coſt, curious diet,
Inſatiate pleaſure, and vaineglorious Riot.
Theſe are the ſinnes that merit endleſſe ſhame,
Hells ever burning, never dying flame.
Which to prevent, (Great God) let hate to vice
Diſſolve ſinnes *Cloud*, Eccho to Paradice.

Our Saviours ſweetneſſe, let us nevermore,
Lie downe to our diſhonour like a whore.
Dead to good Counſell; never let darke deedes
Defile the ſoule; let's roote up all the ſeeds
Of *Pride*, *Luſt*, *Envie*, *Hatred*, and in place,
Plant Wiſedome, meeke Humility and Grace,
Abhorre to ſtudy State with greater zeale
Then *zeale* to *Heav'n*, or the ſoules-common-weale.
True *Penitence* gaines *Heav'n*, throwes ſinners downe,
To raiſe them up, to an Immortall Crowne.

Cogita de fine infinito, ut vives in infinitum.

FINIS.